Vertue Betray'd:

OR,

ANNA BULLEN.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED at His

Royal Highneſs

THE

DUKE'S Theatre.

Written by JOHN BANKS.

Creſcit ſub Pondere Virtus.

LONDON,

Printed for R. Bentley, in Ruſſel-Street in Covent-Garden.

MDCXCII.

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MDCXCII.

To the Illustrious Princess

ELIZABETH,

Dutchess of SOMERSET.

MADAM,

HAving met with Success in a Poem of this Nature, I was incourag'd to proceed, and lay the Scene again in a Country, that, perhaps, hath not been, nor is now inferior for Heroick Personages to any part of the World; and if it is not so esteem'd, it has been through the dulness of our Historians, or the Ingratitude or Designs of our Poets, who may think it an easier Course to write of the Improbable and Romantick Actions of Princes remote, both by distance of Time and Place, than to be confin'd at home, where ev'ry School-Boy has a right to be a Critick, and ev'ry Gentleman an Interest to stand the Champion of his Family, against a rash and inconsiderate Author. I say not this to derogate from those excellent Persons, who, I ought to believe, have written more to please their Audiences, than themselves; but to perswade them, as Homer, and our Shakespear did, to Immortalize the Places where they were Born; and then, perhaps, I will sit down, and leave it to much abler Pens.

When I was resolv'd to do my Country this Justice, where cou'd I pitch upon an Hero more considerable, than out of Your Grace's Family? What Chronicle cou'd I consult, that would have inform'd me of a Greater? The very Crown it self, oblig'd by so many gallant Supporters, wou'd have told me a Piercy——— Piercy whose Illustrious Name and Blood, having for a long Series of Years run through the Persons of so many Earls of Northumberland: And if that inestimable Chain was almost broken, in the unfortunate Death of your Father, it were never enough to be deplor'd, had not the Rich Treasure and Crystal Stream of all your Predecessors Blood and Vertues been stor'd in You, which (now you have submitted to take a Noble Partner, as Angels have delighted to converse with them) may prove the second and more lasting Fountain, from whence shall spring as many Princes more, and you restore what the Great Jocelin had like to have lost. There is so much of Divinity and Wisdom in your Choice, that none but the Almighty ever did the like; and that was, when to the Solitary First of Men he gave a Wife, and with her, the World and Eedn for a Dower: England adores you for it;

the Protestant Religion blesses you; the Saints above sing loud your Praise, and the Chief of all, young Edward, its great Establisher, looks down with Joy to see his happy Successor live in your Arms. This great Day of Jubile, *how doubly Fortunate has it made* Me! *Since this exalted Piece, which I design'd for an humble Offering, may prove an* Epithalamium! *Long may you love, and live a thousand Years, e're envious Death shall part you; for every Day of such Illustrious Lovers is more worth than whole Years of sordid Life beside. But why do I suppose that you should ever dye! You have a thousand Charms, and Youth impregnable against Deaths Batteries this many Ages yet; and who ever was so happy as to see your incomparable Mother, and how many Years of Beauty she has to come, will think that yours shall never fade, but always bloom: You look as if you had nothing Mortal in you; Your Guardian Angel scarcely is more a Deity than you, and the bright Planet that shin'd with such amazing Influence at your Birth, makes not a more glorious Figure in the Heavens, than you on Earth.*

When I made choice of so excellent a Subject, I was not to seek for a Dedication: I was commanded to it, even by the good Fate of the Play: For before what Patroness should I kneel, but Her, the Character of whose great Ancestor was the chiefest Stroak and Lineament that made it acceptable to the World? And it is as much your Grace's due, as First-Fruits are to Monarchs. For Anna Bollen, *though I drew her in all the nicest Ideas that ever my Pen or Fancy could be capable of; yet, I confess, she comes short of the Excellency of your real Perfections; and though her Merits rais'd her to a Crown, and she was Queen, her Fortunes were less Miraculous than yours. For Heav'n, without a Diadem, never show'r'd down so many admirable Blessings of Virtue, Beauty, Birth, Wit, and Fortune, upon any One of your Sex before. I dare no further attempt their Description with my Ignorance, lest I speak too Meanly or Irreverently of 'em; therefore I'le leave the mighty Subject to some more Glorious Pen: For none but a* Cowley, *or the best of* Laureats, *ought to write of you: My mean stile has no other Ornament than Truth; and with that, and in all Humility, I return Thanks for your most Gracious Acceptance of so poor a Trifle, which has scarce given a more happy Life to the Play, than it has to the Author, who is, Madam,*

Your Grace's most Humble, most Obedient, and most Devoted Servant,

J. Banks.

PROLOGUE Spoken to *Anna Bullen*, written by a Person of Quality.

TO all Impartial Judges in the Pit,
And every beauteous Patroness of Wit;
I'm sent to plead the Poets Cause, and say,
There's not one Slander in his modest Play.
He brings before your Eyes a modern Story,
Yet meddles not with either Whig, *or* Tory.
Was't not enough, vain Men of either side,
Two Roses once the Nation did divide?
But must it be in danger now agen,
Betwixt our Scarlet, *and* Green-Ribbon *Men?*
Who made this difference, were not England's *Friends;*
Be not their Tools to serve their Plotting Ends.
Damn the State-Fop, who here his Zeal discovers,
And o're the Stage, like our ill Genius, hovers:
Give us a Pit of Drunkards, and of Lovers;
Good Sanguine Men, who mind no State Affair,
But bid a base World of it self take Care.
We hope there lives not so abhorr'd a Thing,
But loves his Country, and wou'd serve his King.
But in your Parties, why should we engage,
Or meddle with the Plots of a mad Age?
We lose enough by those upon the Stage.
Welcome Mask-Teazer, Peevish Gamster, Huffer;
All Fools, but Politicians, we can suffer;
A Gads name, let each keep to his Vocation:
Our Trade is to mend You, and not the Nation:
Besides, our Author has this further End,
'Tis not enough if but One Side's his Friend;
He needs you All, his weakness to defend:
And to oblige you to't, hopes he has shown
No Country has Men braver than your own.
His Hero's all to England *are confin'd;*
To your own Fathers (sure) you will be kind.
He brings no Foreigners to move your Pity,
But sends them to a Jury of the City.

Persons

PERSONS Represented.

KING Harry. *Mr.* Smith.

Cardinal. *Mr.* Gillow.

Northumberland. *Mr.* Wilthire.

Piercy. *Mr.* Betterton.

Rochford. *Mr.* Jof. Williams.

Anna Bullen. *Mrs.* Barry.

Lady Diana Talbot. *Mrs.* Petty.

Lady Eliz. Blunt.

Young Princess Elizabeth.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants, and Guards.

SCENE

London.

VERTUE BETRAY'D:

OR,

Anna Bullen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Northumberland *and* Rochford.

North. THis is the Day shall Crown your Parents wishes,
And long expecting hopes: The King intends
To publish streight his Marriage with your Sister,
And make her known by th' Title of his Queen:
The reason why it was so long kept secret,
Was our great Cardinal's Delays, and Tricks
Of *Rome*, which *Harry* has with Frowns discover'd:
But since, in spite of *Wolsey* and the Conclave,
By Reverend *Cranmer* has the Cause been try'd;
And *Katherine* is this day proclaim'd divorc'd.

Roch. Heav'n be my Witness, brave *Northumberland*,
It joys not me, but that it is his Pleasure,
Whose happiness we all are bound to pray for;
And may my Sister's Crown sit lighter on
Her Brow, than does the Honour upon mine:
Something of boding whispers to my Soul,
And tells me, Oh! this Marriage will be fatal
Methinks I see a Sword ty'd to a Thread,
Small as a hair, hang o'er our Pageant Greatness;
Believe me, Friend; Thrones are severe Touch-stones;
And, like the Emblem of their Guard, the Lyon,
All but of Royal-Blood they will destroy.

North. My Lord, this is severe to all that love you;
And you reflect unkindly on your Fortunes.

Roch. Fortune! why did the lay her load on her?
A load, I say, to quiet Minds — she should

Have

Have cast it upon one that was ambitious:
My Lord, it had been kinder done of Fortune,
T'have seen my Sister wedded to her Love,
Your *Percy's* Wife, and not at one time made her
Both Cruel to the Queen, and False to him.
North. You know, my Lord, we all are Witnesses
With what remorse she took the Regal Burthen,
That sate upon her like a heavy Armour
On a Child's back; she staggered with the Weight.
Roch. Oh! may it not be fatal to us, Heav'n!
For at the very time she gave her Hand
To th' eager King to fasten't with a Pledge,
The Ring fell off, and could no more be found.
North. Meer Chance, my Lord.
Roch. And then immediately,
When the glad Ceremonies were perform'd,
The amorous King bending to Kiss her Hand,
A shower of Pearls broke passage from her Eyes,
And all-bedew'd his Head with ominous Tears.
North. The common life of every bashful Bride.
Roch. What will she do when she shall understand
Our foul Design, and *Percy's* Innocence,
His Letters to her that you intercepted,
And counterfeited others to deceive her,
To make her once believe that he was marry'd
But what a mortal Grief will seize your Son,
When he shall find his Mistress was betray'd,
And forc'd to marry one she cannot love?
North. To prevent that: Soon as he's come to Court,
Just but to see she's marry'd, and no more,
(Not giving him the time for second thoughts)
I'll make a Match between him and the Heiress
Of *Shrewsbury.*
Roch. A very gallant Lady,
As Virtuous, Beautiful, and Richer far
Than all our Generation of that Sex.
North. You wrong your self to flatter me. Her Father
Brings her this day on purpose from the Country,
But the Queen thinks already they are marry'd.
Roch. And are you sure to gain your Son's consent,
To what he has been still so obstinate?
North. Rage and Despair, when he shall find her false,
Will make him rashly change to any state;
And, thinking to be miserable, will plunge
Into the dreadful Sea of Matrimony,
And make himself, though much against his Will,
The happiest man that ever was on Earth.

Enter

Enter Cardinal Woolsey *musing.*

Behold the proud imperious Cardinal,
With such a furious Tempest on his Brow,
As if the World's four Winds were pent within
His blustering Carkass. He has heard the News,
And comes to argue with his Friend the Devil,
The Reason of his No-Intelligence.

Roch. The Popedom now, and all the Wealth in *Rome*,
Can scarcely recompence him for the fright
This News has put him in——See how he staggers,
Giddy with th' height his Pride has rais'd him to.
'Tis then most fatal to unhappy *England*
When such Church Blazing-Stars appear in it. [*Ex.* North. *and* Roch.

Card. Marry'd in private, and declar'd his Queen!
Katherine divorc'd, and *Anna Bullen* marry'd!
Now, by our Holy Father's Triple-Crown
It must not, cannot, nay, it shall not be.
Where was your aid, that time, you slothful Saints,
You whom false Zeal created in more numbers
Than e're the Heathen made and worshipp'd Gods?
A *Lutheran* Queen upon the Throne of *England*!
She to lye in the Bosom of our Prince!
A Buxom King, that for a wanton Smile
Will pawn his Faith, and turn an Heretick!

Enter the Lady Elizabeth Blunt.

Blunt. Awake thou wretched dreaming Priest, look up:
Can you behold your proud Saint *Peter* shake?
The mighty Pillar of that spreading Church
That holds the great Religion of the World
To stagger, and bestow no help, no aid
From mighty *Woolsey*'s Shoulders to support it?
Is this the great King-Cardinal, who late
From smallest Root began to shade the Land,
And stood the tallest Cedar of the Church?
Shame to thy Priest-hood, and thy Scarlet Robe,
Ev'n thou to whom the liberal See of *Rome*
Has given all, next giving of her self,
Unworthy Servant of so kind a Mistress.

Card. What does the Fairest mean!

Blunt. Ha! must I teach thee?
Art thou the Thing that from the Chaff of Mankind,
From the base scurrilous Rubbish of the World,
First found thy self a way to thrive by Wit?
Then edging it with sharpest Villanies,

Mow'd thee a passage to thy Princes Breast,
And cut down all the Virtuous from his sight,
Who chose thee for the Champion of his Vices;
Whilst thou with labour let loose all their Sluces,
And pour'd them like a Torrent in his Bosom?
This you did once confess to me, and more,
When you declar'd how hot you were in Love——
Bullen is Queen, the Crown you promis'd me
Now wreaths her Head——Are these the hopes you gave me,
When once you said my Son should be a King?
The News not stirs your Wonder! Hell and Furies!

Card. What wou'd you I should do to serve you?

Blunt. Forgive me, tender *Woolsey*, pious Cardinal!
Shall I then teach your Scarlet Priesthood Blood?
I would have done as *Alexander* did,
The Sixth, and the most merciful so nam'd;
Are there no Consecrated Weapons left?
Or have you lost the Power to make 'em so?
Give me Saint *Dagger* or Saint *Poison* straight,
And I will do that Meritorious Act:
Dispatch her streight to Hell, from whence she fetch'd
Those Looks that robb'd me of the King and Crown.

Card. Have patience, Madam.

Blunt. Preach it to the Damn'd,
To those that feel the Rack or Inquisition——
Curse on your Gown Apologies: but more
Be curst the time of *Bullen*'s fatal Birth,
Wrinkles like Age anticipate her Youth;
Mildews and Blasts devour her wanton Beauties,
Small-Pox and Leprosies rough-cast her o're;
Dig up her Charms and Features by the Roots,
And bury 'em in Pits as deep as Graves.

Card. Study some Act that may revenge this Fury,
This hurts no more than Barks of Coward Curs;
She lives, and is as beautiful as ever:
Be rul'd by me, who like a dreadful Piece,
Am sure to kill, where-e're I take my Aim,
Before they hear the Noise or see the Flame.

Blunt. Oh tell me how to quench this Fire within!
That burns me up with thoughtful Injury.

Card. An easie way I'le chalk to your Revenge,
A Road not steep, nor dangerous, but smooth;
So unsuspected, and so fatal too,
That the Queens Fancy and deluded Genius,
Shall tempt her in the same dissembled Path,
Taking her by the other hand with us,
And lead her in the Pit prepar'd for her.

Blunt. Go on my *Woolsey*, Charming as the young,
And more melodious than a Quire of Angels.
Card. This then it is: The King you know's inconstant,
As jealous and as teasty as old Age,
So covetous of the pleasure he possesses,
That he who does but look upon't must dye,
With her, whose innocent Charms did force him to't.
Blunt. But how shall we be backt with a pretence?
Card. 'Tis easie to give fire to that fond Breast
That is already charg'd with jealous Sulphur:
The Queen loves *Piercy*, that may be a means;
And Spies may be laid every where to watch
Their Private Meetings, and their very looks,
And then acquaint the Hot-brain'd King with it;
So streight their joyful Destinies are seal'd.
Blunt. Most admirable!
Card. If we fail in this,
Some cry'd-up Beauty, ne're yet seen at Court,
Must be found out, to put her in his way,
And take the Amorous King: 'Twill certain do;
For then no greedy Falcon, when he sees the Lure,
Will flye down swifter to be catch'd and hooded,
Than he into the Fetters of her Charms.
Blunt. O come to my Embrace, thou Godlike Priest!
Balm to my wounded and my tortur'd Bosom.
Card. Go streight, and haste about the Intelligence.
Blunt. I will. Good Fortune has been so propitious,
To make young *Rochford*, *Anna Bullen*'s Brother,
Enamour'd of my Beauty; him I'le mould,
Sound ev'ry thought of his unguarded Soul,
Linking him close in amorous Intrigues,
'Till I have discover'd from him our Design
Of *Piercy*'s Love, and of his Sisters Conduct.
Card. An Accident, the luckiest that could happen!
Behold the Queen in her first State and Greatness,——
But yet she bears it with no welcome meen:
Piercy hangs heavy on her Heart; and in her Eyes;
It works, it manages as we would have it:
And in her heedless Innocence she sails,
Shunning no Rocks, no Quick-sands, nor no Danger,
But runs into her Ruine faster than
We wish.
Blunt. Her Crown is hideous to my sight,
Its Jewels fatal as the Eyes of Basilisks:
O Cardinal! This Rival-Queen and I
Should never meet but in the Scales of Death,
That weigh all Mortals even and alike.

Queen Anne *appears ſeated upon a Throne.* Northumberland, Rochford, *Lords, Ladies, Attendants and Guards about her.*

Omnes. Long live King *Henry*, and Queen *Anne* of *England.*

North. Immortal live Great Queen of *England*, *France*,
And *Ireland*, and for ever rule the Heart
Of Conquering *Henry*, as he Reigns o're us
And all his faithful Subjects———
I ſpeak it as the Wiſhes and the Voice
Of your moſt Loyal Kingdoms; to confirm it,
Sound ſtraight your loudeſt Inſtruments of Joy,
And ſhout as I do, all that Love their Queen.

Queen riſes from her Throne, [*Shouts and Trumpets within.*

Queen. Theſe Sounds might lift another to the Heav'ns!
But what is Muſick to the Ear that's deaf;
Or Crowns and Scepters to a dying Wretch?
Deſpair turns all alike that comes to me,
Blind to the Pomp that glads all Eyes but mine,
Deaf to its Charms, and dead to all its Glories.

[*Trumpets and Shouts again.*

Ceaſe you more empty Flatterers than Winds;
Be ſilent as the Sorrows in my Breaſt:
If you will give me eaſe, forbear ſuch Flatteries:
For I receive 'em with as little joy,
As ev'n thoſe ſilly Wretches utter them,
Having no other Reaſon but vile Cuſtom.
My Noble Lords!
I know you all are Loyal to the King,
And for his ſake you are thus kind to me;
But for the Rabble, who can read that Sphinx?
Their very Breath that now Proclaims with joy,
Sad *Katherine* to be no longer Queen,
And my unwelcome Coronation,
Would the ſame moment, ſhould my Stars permit,
Shout louder at the Sentence of my Death.

Card. Moſt glorious and beloved of *England*'s Queens!
O lay not on our Nation ſuch a Curſe,
As a ſuſpicion of its Faith to you.
I dare be bold, and ſay it as a Priest,
As Confeſſour to all my Country's Guilt,
There's none, how mean ſoever with my ſelf,
But loves you more than life, or darling Riches,
Wiſhing to feel ſevereſt Penance here,
And Hell hereafter, rather than behold
You leſs a Queen, or leſs ador'd than now.

Queen. They have my thanks, next kind good natur'd *Woolſey*,

Who

Who cannot but be real, 'cauſe he ſays it.
Card. Oh that your Majeſty would think ſo ever,
And that my proud endeavours, with ſucceſs,
Firſt whiſper'd in the Boſom of the King
The ſecret Wonders of your Mind and Perſon,
And made him ſoon diſcover all your Beauties,
Thoſe rare Perfections, that above your Sex
Have merited his Paſſion and his Crown.
Queen. O Reverend, pious, beſt of Cardinals!
Who too well knows
By whoſe high hand I climb'd this malic'd Greatneſs,
And wear this envy'd Crown.
Card. May Heav'n and Stars
Pour their juſt hatred on———
Queen. Ceaſe Execrations:
For ſhould they come to paſs, as Heav'n forbid,
What wou'd the miſerable Nation do?
Beſides 'twere pity to the King and me,
That we ſhould loſe ſo exquiſite a Head,
And ſuch a Prelate ſhould be damn'd ſo ſoon.
Card. Ten thouſand Saints, more than my Royal Maſter,
Are Witneſſes to th' truth of what I ſay.
Queen. As many Saints and Myriads of bright Angels
Can witneſs of the blackneſs of thy Soul,
That canker'd firſt the Conſcience of thy Maſter,
Miſleading him with hopes to purge a ſin,
To act the worſt, ev'n a Religious Guilt———
Card. The wiſe and juſt Omnipotence———
Queen. No more:
Hell's not ſo full of Torments, as thy Soul
Has Blaſphemies to be rewarded in it———
Give me ſome eaſe, juſt Heav'n! if there be any———
My Lords! if there's no more for you to act
To perfect or unmake this Ceremony,
(Oh that it cou'd be done!) retire a while,
And leave me with my Women for ſome Moments———
What am I then a Priſoner to be guarded?
Has then a Throne coſt me ſo dear a Price,
As forfeit of my Liberty of Thinking?
Do Princes barter for their Crowns their Freedoms?
Good Heav'n! not think! nor pray if I have need———
If I am Queen, why am I not obey'd?
Card. We'll all perform your Majeſties Command.
[Ex. *all but her Women.*
Queen. Am I got looſe, looſe from this worrying Scene
Of diſmal State, that always loads a Monarch,
And racks him with diſſembling Tortures?

O wretched

O wretched ſtate of Princes! that want nothing
But a Retreat from Buſineſs and from Crowds:
Yet wanting that, want every thing that's happy,
A Soul at eaſe —— O ſacred Solitude!
How aiery and delightful are thy Walks?
No ſtinging Serpent, nor worſe Inſect Man,
Diſturb thy fragrant and enamell'd Paths;
No Winter-Blaſts, nor *Autumn* Winds moleſt
Thy ſacred Grotto's, all around is Summer;
Nothing broods there but an Eternal Spring,
Mild as all *May*, and Beautiful as *Eden:*
Thou charitable Good! that from th' afflicted
Unloads the heavy Burdens that oppreſs them,
And plants Repoſe in every Breaſt in ſtead!

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Lady *Diana Talbot* begs admittance,
To pay her Duty to your Majeſty.

Queen. What ſay'ſt! Thou'ſt rous'd a Dragon in my Breaſt,
Which I had thought for ever to have huſht:
That Name ſets every Pulſe again at work
Within me——*Talbot!* how art thou miſtaken?
She's *Piercy*'s now; And *Piercy* all his hers.

Lady. Shall ſhe be brought to your Preſence?

Queen. Ay——No——Yes——
Do any thing, ſo 'twill be ſure to kill me:
O *Piercy*! *Piercy*! would thou ne're hadſt been
Unfaithful, or at leaſt in being ſo,
Hadſt never taught me how to be reveng'd:
But oh the diſmal Pain is all my own,
And like an Arrow from an o'rebent Bow,
The haſty Dart turn'd back and hurt my ſelf,
Wounding that Breaſt where I leaſt meant my aim.
How ſoft and tender were our mutual Vows,
Which ſince another's Charms, like Lightning, blaſted;
Whilſt Parents Threats and King's Authority,
Rent me, like Thunder, from my fixt Reſolves:
Th' art marry'd now, and all thoſe amorous ſighs,
And paſſionate Tears, with thouſand Extaſies,
Which we both learnt and taught to one another,
Like innocent Children in the School of Love,
Are now the Arts with which, falſe Man! th' haſt caught
Anothers fond believing Heart, they are.

Enter

Enter Lady Diana Talbot.

She comes, Triumphant in her Eyes the joy
That once like Tides o're-flow'd my fruitful Breaſt.
How proud ſhe bears her ſelf to ſee my pain!
Whilſt I look up to her, and ſigh in vain!
But I will hide it, and forgive me Heav'n; [Diana *Kneels.*
For 'tis the firſt time that I e're diſſembled———
"Riſe dear *Diana*, you have been a Stranger;
Could nothing but a Queen drag you to Court?
I owe this Kindneſs to my Royalty,
And not your Friendſhip———
Dian. Pardon, mighty Princeſs!
I had been bleſt for ever in your Preſence,
Charming in all Eſtates as well as now,
Had I been Miſtreſs of my Inclinations.
But———
Queen. 'Tis no matter, I'le allow your Reaſon,
A Cauſe ſo indiſpenſible and juſt,
That 'twere a fault in me to blame ſuch Virtue.
Dian. Indeed a Parents Will ought ſtill to be
Obey'd, next Duty to your Majeſty.
Queen. And ſomething yet more binding——Do not bluſh——
Come I'le unriddle all, and ſpare your Tongue
The trouble, and your baſhful Cheeks the Fire.
Dian. What fire? what bluſhes do you tax me with?
I feel not any but what Wonder raiſes,
And bluſh becauſe I cannot comprehend.
Queen. You are unkind, why make it you a ſecret?
And but to me, when all the World reports it.
Dian. There is no ſecret; nothing I would hide
From ſo ador'd a Friendſhip as my Queen's.
Queen. Why d'you ſuſpect me then? [*Aſide.*] How loth ſhe is
To tell it me! As loth as I to hear it:
Sure ſhe ſuſpects how fatal 'twill be to me;
And the proud Man has triumph'd o're my weakneſs!
And told her all my Paſſion with a ſcorn———
'Tis ſo; whilſt poor, regardleſs, innocent I
Was all the while their Cenſure and their Paſtime,
The Fool, whoſe Story acted made 'em ſport,
And gave new edge to all their ſated Joyes;
Nay and perhaps drew Pity from their Pride?
Pity! good Gods! muſt I endure their Pity?
You will not own it then? But 'tis no matter. [*To* Diana.
When ſaw you *Piercy*?
Dian. Piercy, Madam! [*She ſtarts.*

Queen.

Queen. Yes,
Why did you ſtart! has he a Name ſo horrid?
But now you ſpoke as tho' there were not ſuch
A Man i'th' World, and wonder'd at my meaning;
But yet have all the Agonies to hear him nam'd:
Him you would hide, but cannot hide your Bluſhes.
Dian. Good Heav'n! by what ſtrange Miracle have you [*Aſide.*
Reveal'd my ſecret Paſſion to the Queen?
I never told my Grievance but to you,
And that but ſilently in broken Sighs
And ſtifled Tears———
Queen. 'Tis plain ſhe is diſturb'd!——— [*Aſide.*
What can this mean? Sure one of us is mad!
Why all this Care to hide a Truth from me,
That is the common talk of all the World?
There's ſomething in it more than yet I know,
Which I muſt ſearch into by other means.
Madam, I thought when I had condeſcended [*To Diana.*
To open my Breaſt, and mingle Friendſhips with you,
You would not then deny ſo ſmall a Secret;
And now when I am Queen and may command it———
Therefore begone. Leave me without Reply.
Henceforth I'le know the Perſons better, out
Of whom I mean to chuſe a Friend———Farewell———
Piercy no doubt is not ſo fondly nice,
But brags, and tells the World of his proud Conqueſt.
Dian. Forgive me firſt; then give me leave to tell you———
How 'twas diſclos'd to you, the Wonder ſtuns me;
But *Piercy* knows not yet, nor ſhall from me,
This ſecret which I thought ſcarce Heav'n found out.
Queen. Racks and worſe Tortures! Frenzies of the mind!
Hence; take her from my ſight: She will diſtract me.
Dian. O hear me firſt: Your Fury's not ſo dreadful,
As is my pain to tell: Yet I'le confeſs: [*Kneels.*
A fatal Truth it is, *Piercy* I Love———
Now pity me, and quench my torturing Bluſhes:
For Heav'n reveal'd it to you for no Ill.
Queen. I am amaz'd: Still worſe and worſe, ſhe ſtabs me,
And they're Abuſes all——Ingrateful Woman!
Wouldſt have me think thy lawful Paſſion ſuch a wonder!
Is it a Crime for thee to Love thy Husband?
Dian. Ha! what is that you ſay? my Husband ſaid you!
Meant you to mock th' unfortunate *Diana*?
Queen. No. I will ſay't again; thy perjur'd Husband!
Dian. Ah! Royal Madam! *Piercy* is more bleſt;
We are not Marry'd, he is not my Husband.
Queen. Ha! [*Aſide.*

Dian.

Dian. That were to me too great a Happiness!
Queen, Should this be true, what would become of me? [*Aside.*
Diana rise: Are you not Marry'd, said you!
Dian. So far from that, his Person I've not seen
In twelve long Months, this last long tedious year.
Queen. Art not his Wife!
Dian. By all your precious Hopes
And mine, I'm not.
Queen. Is *Piercy* then not marry'd!
Support me Heaven! and with a wonder save me; [*Aside.*
Call all thy Virtue and thy Courage streight
To help thee now, or thou art lost for ever.
Am I then cheated! and is *Piercy* faithful!
If I can bear all this, I challenge *Artaxs*
To live under a Load so vast as mine.
Ah *Piercy!* injur'd *Piercy!* injur'd *Bullen!*
But hold, there's yet a greater task behind,
And that is to Dissemble well.——*Diana!*
Dian. Madam——
Queen. Thou wonder'st at my Curiosity,
As tho' I were concern'd at this false Story,
I'll tell thee why: It has been long reported,
That you and *Piercy* were in private Marry'd.
Dian. Such a report came likewise to my hearing;
But how 'twas rais'd, by whom, or why, I know not.
Queen. Too well the dreadful cause of it I know. [*Aside.*
This, when I heard, I took unkindly from you:
I was your Friend, you ought no more to steal
A Marriage from a Friend, than from a Father.
And when you aggravated, as I thought,
By your unkind denial, it enrag'd me;
For which I hope, *Diana*, you'll forgive me——
Methinks I do it rarely—— [*Aside.*
Dian. Best of Queens!
Thus on my Knees, I ought to beg that Pardon:
I only did offend, my Gracious Mistress.
Queen. Rise to my Arms——This Kiss now Seals thee mine
For ever.
Diana. Oh most admirable Goodness!
Queen. This tenderness betrays me, melts my Soul! [*Aside.*
A fatal Engine that draws all my Griefs
Up to my Eyes and Lips, just ready to unload
And pour 'em in at once into her Breast,
Whom I, of all the World, should hide 'em from.
Oh for some Wild, some Desart to complain in,
Some vast and uninhabitable place,
Or else some Precipice that butts the Ocean,

The wide, and never to be fathom'd Ocean,
That I might tell the ecchoing Rocks my Woes,
And count my Sorrows to the Winds and Seas,
More pitiful, and more relenting far,
Than false and cruel Mankind is to me.

Dian. You seem disturb'd! Ah! what inhumane Grief
Dares seize your Royal Breast?

Queen. Come, dear *Diana*;
Go to my Closet with me; there, perhaps,
Some rest may quell this melancholly Monster,
And there it may not be amiss sometimes
To talk of *Piercy*, will it?

Dian. Sacred Queen,
'Twill not; and oh! I wish that the Discourse
Would sooth your Soul with as much Joy as mine.

Queen. These are the first of Miseries, the rest
Come rolling on apace, and, *Katherine*, now
Thou art Reveng'd——Just Heav'n, whose is the Sin?
Punish not me, I sought not to be Queen; ——
But *Henry*'s Guilt amidst my Pomp is weigh'd,
And makes my Crown sit heavy on my Head,
To banish from his Bed, the chastest Bride,
That twenty years lay loving by his side!
How can I give it, without Tears, a Name,
When I reflect my Case may be the same?
And I, perhaps, as Slaves are by the Priest,
Thus gay and fine for Sacrifice am dress't.
Ah! *Katherine*, do not envy me thy Throne,
For thou art far more happy that has none. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Northumberland* and *Rochford*.

Roch. THE News is strange you tell me of the King.

North. Most wonderful, nor can I guess the meaning,
He came just now from Hunting as his use,
Where at Sir *Thomas Seymour*'s House he was
Most splendidly and kindly entertain'd
At a Repast.

Roch. Took he there any thing
Amiss?

North. No: quite contrary, so good humour'd,
I never saw him in my life more pleasant:
But now, instead of going to the Queen,
With words that shew'd more discontent than rage,
He order'd all about him to retire,

And,

And, which is still more strange, enquir'd for *Woolsey*,
Woolsey, whom all Men thought quite out of favour;
Then shut himself within his Bed-Chamber,
And there remains; nor durst the boldest venture
To follow him, and ask him what he ails——
May not the Queen your Sister, think you, be
The innocent Occasion?

Roch. That's impossible!
For but last Night he came to her Apartment,
With all the heat and love that could inspire
A Bridegroom, scarcely of an Hour's making:
With haste he ran, and where he should have sate
He kneel'd down by her as his Deity;
Printing soft Kisses on her lovely Hand;
And sigh'd as if he had been still a Wooing.

North. Right *Harry* still. For by this Flood of Passion
The nearer he's to Ebb and Change.

Roch. See! the King.

North. You are Brother to his Wife, and may be bold,
But I'le not venture. [*Ex.* North.

Enter King Harry.

King. Who are you that durst press on my Retirement?
Ha! *Bullen*! Get thee from my sight——Begone—— [*Ex.* Roch.
Who waits there? Why am I thus troubled?
Let none but *Woolsey* dare to be admitted. [*To the Attendants.*
Who can withstand so vast a shock of Beauties, [*He sits down.*
So many Wonders in so bright a Form?
When Heav'n designs to make a perfect Face,
A Beauty for a Monarch to enjoy,
'Tis feign'd that the most skilful Spirits are all
Imploy'd, and just before their Eyes is plac'd
Th' exactest, loveliest Angel for a Pattern;
If it be true; this only must be she,
And must be mine——Who's there? the Cardinal?

Enter Woolsey.

Card. The humblest Vassal of his God-like Master.——

King. Come hither, Sir——I sent for thee, my *Woolsey*!
And dost not wonder; when but yesterday
I took from thee the Seal and Chancellour's Place?
But 'tis no matter: Do not care, I say;
I love you still in spight of all your Foes——
You have malicious Enemies at Court;
Besides the Queen, my Lord, is no good Friend

Of yours.

Card. Wretched am I that have incurr'd
My Kings Displeasure, and my Queens dire Hatred!
But m' Innocence when I am dead, perhaps
May to my Royal Master, tho' too late
Appear.

King. Talk not of Death, good Cardinal,
For I have Business with thee first——By Heav'n
He that dares mutter *Woolsey* is a Traitor,
Shall dye for a worse Traitor as he is:
Keep thy own still, the Bishopricks of *York*
And *Winchester*, and Cardinal, that is
Above my Grant; and when I give thee leave,
Go to thy Dioces, and live to spite 'em.

Card. Immortal Wreathes, and Diadems of Saints,
Crown you in Heav'n for this Royal Goodness.
I am grown old, too weak to guard me from
My Foes, but for your Majesties Protection.

King. O *Woolsey*! be to me but half so kind,
As I shall be to thee. *Seymour*, my Father!
The lovely *Seymour*, whom thou told'st me of,
I did devour her Beauties from thy Lips,
And fed my Ears with the delicious Feast;
But since I've seen this Wonder of her Sex!
The Charming'st Creature e're adorn'd the World;
And find her all as far above thy Praises,
As Heav'n can be beyond Man's frail description.

Card. Have you then seen her, Sir?

King. O yes, my *Woolsey!*
And having seen her, guess, I needs must be
But wretched without her, or thy assistance.

Card. This goes as I expected. [*Aside.*

King. Help thy Prince!
Why art so slow? Has *Woolsey* lost his Courage?
That Wit that Emperours and Popes has sway'd——
So, let thy Brain begin to travel now;
Bring forth thou more than King; thou more than Man;
Thou hast a Mine within that subtle Breast,
The Stone which dull Philosophy has toyl'd
In vain for——Make me Master of thy *Indies*
Lend me thy Wit to purchase *Seymour* for me.

Card. You have the Means already in your hands,
Power is the greatest Charmer of that Sex.

King. Command my Power, my Kingdoms to thy aid,
Join to thy Foxes Tail my Lions Skin;
Take thou my Scepter, bind it to thy Cross,
And to thy Mitre add my humble Crown;

'Tis all my *Woolsey*'s. *Woolsey* shall be King.
I ask but only *Seymour* in Exchange.
Card. You bid too much: Send for her streight to Court;
Make her a Marchioness, or else a Dutchess;
There's hardly now a Woman but will sell
A foolish Honour that none sees, for that
Which makes a Noise and splendour in the World.
King. How thou deceiv'st my eager Expectations!
This I have done without such rare Advice:
But oh she is inflexible to all!
Deaf to the sounds of Vanity and Pomp!
And more remorseless than a Saint or Hermite.
Her Chastity cold as the Frozen Stream,
And then as hard, and never to be thaw'd,
As Crystal Rocks, or Adamantine Quarries:
That oh I fear, had I but what I covet,
The Crown from *Bullen*'s Head, to offer her,
'Twould scarcely tempt her to thy Prince's Bed.
Card. Then, Sir, I doubt 'tis hardly in my Power
To help you.
King. Ha! false and ungrateful Man!
Is that then all the hope your Brain can give me?
Card. It is impossible; if she be Virtuous,
That e're she shou'd be had by Force or Cunning.
Therefore apply this Remedy a while,
Have but a little Patience 'till 'tis Lawful.
King. Traitor and Poisoner of thy Master's Rest,
Must I despair? Is that thy precious Council?
Did I descend to ask Advice from Hell?
Consult thy Wicked Oracle for this?
To tell me what is Lawful?
Card. Understand me.
King. Give me some hopes, or, by thy damn'd Ambition,
I'le crumble thee to dust; puff thee to nothing:
And make thee less and more dejected far
Than the base Fellow that begot thee, Priest.
Card. Hear me but——
King. Why didst thou infect my Breast,
And with thy venomous Tongue deceive me, worse
Than the old Serpent that in Paradise
Betray'd the first of Mankind with a Bait?
So thou, lurking and hid amidst the Charms
Of *Seymour*'s rare and unsuspected Beauties,
Sungst me her Praises in such tempting Words,
That I with ravisht Ears swallow'd the sound,
And never saw the Sting I suckt in after.
Card. You will not give me leave t' explain my self,

Nor yet to give you Remedy.

King. Tell me;
For Remedy I'le have from Heav'n or Hell,
Or I will take thy Blood, thy Scorpions Blood,
And lay it to my Grief till I have eaſe.

Card. Your Fury will not let you underſtand me:
When I adviſ'd to ſtay till it was Lawful,
At the ſame time I meant to let you know
'Twas not a thing ſo hard to bring to paſs.

King. Ha! ſaid again like *Woolſey*! tell me ſtreight,
My Soul waits at the Portal of thy Breaſt,
To raviſh from thy Lips the welcome News,
E're they have minted into Words thy Thoughts——
Quick, what can lawfully make *Seymour* mine?

Card. Make her your Queen.

King. Make her my Queen!

Card. Yes, Sir.

King. Sure I but dream; what doſt thou mean? or how?

Card. Inveſt her Head with *Anna Bullen*'s Crown.

King. Sure thou art mad, and would make me ſo too——
What, whilſt ſhe lives?

Card. Ay, whilſt ſhe lives I ſaid:
Is that ſo ſtrange a thing that ne're was done?
Divorce her.

King. Ha!

Card. What is't that makes you ſtart?
Divorce her, and take *Seymour* to your Bed.

King. How! take good heed what 'tis thou pull'ſt upon
Thy ſelf——Divorce my lawful virtuous Wife
Without a Cauſe!

Card. There is a Cauſe.

King. What is't?

Card. Pretend Remorſe of Conſcience.

King. Gods!

Card. Ne're wonder:
Say you are troubled and diſturb'd within.

King. Eternal Villain! *Lucifer* the Damn'd. [*Aſide.*
Traitor, at what?

Card. At that which ſeiz'd your Mind,
When *Katherine* you divorc'd for *Anna Bullen*.
Conſcience! Conſcience!

King. Horrid tormenting Fiend! [*Aſide.*
Thou know'ſt ſhe was my Brother's Wife, and *Bullen*
On no ſuch juſt pretence I can diſclaim.

Card. No matter; on the like diſtruſt of Conſcience
That made you do the one, you may the other,
Give out that ſhe's not lawfully your Wife,

The

The first alive, and that you never had
A Dispensation from his Holiness.
King. His Holiness! I'm blasted with the thought!
Pernicious Traitor! How can this be done?
Card. Leave it to me; Consent you, 'tis enough;
And I'le engage, on forfeit of my life,
To get a Licence from our Holy Father
To disanul this Marriage, and to take
Into your lawful Bed the Beauteous *Seymour.*
King. But then I still remain unfreed from *Katherine.*
Card. The Church shall grant a Dispensation too
For that.
King. What Horrour's this I hear! Can this be true?
In all my wanton and luxurious Youth,
Or in my blackest thoughts of Lust and Rage, [*Aside.*
I ne're yet found one Wish amongst them all,
Of such a deep Infernal hue. The Horrour
Has kindled my whole Blood into a Flame,
And made me blush a deeper Scarlet than
This Villain's Robe. Disloyal wicked Monster!
But I will strive to hide my just Resentments.
Divorce my second Wife without a Cause! [*To him.*
Could it be done, what would the Nation say?
What would the Action look like, but a Hell?
To warn succeedings Princes from the like,
And blot me from the Scrole of Pious Kings:
Could it be lawful *Woolsey*, I would hearken.
Card. Then lawful it shall be in spight of Scruples:
I see your Conscience is an Infant grown,
A Child again, and wants to be instructed——
Come, let me lead you by the hand, and point
A way for you to walk on even ground;
So safe, the nicest Conscience shall commend
And choose it.
King. Now thou dost rejoice thy Prince.
Card. What if she be unfaithful to your Bed,
And prov'd so?
King. Ha! there's Thunder in that word,
The Bolt ran through, and shiver'd me to pieces.
Disloyal to my Bed! Adultrous! Hah!
Saidst thou not so? Yet hold, if this be true,
There hangs a Shower of Cordial in my reach
To cure this horrid Fit. *Woolsey*, beware
How thou dost dally with my hopes and fears;
Look to't, and see you wrong her not: for if
Thou dost, by all the Plagues thy Soul deserves,
All Hell shall be too little for thy Carkass:

New

New Hells shall be created, and more hot
Than what's prepar'd for Traitors, Parracides,
For Ravishers of Mothers, lustful Nuns,
For *Lucifer* himself t'endure; nay more
Than Villain, Pope, or Cardinal ever felt.
Speak how thou know'st it. Quick.

Card. Alas! my Lord,
I never meant it enter'd in my own
Particular Knowledge: but it is Reported.

King. Reported, said'st thou! is not that enough?
Report! why she is damn'd, if she's but thought
A Whore, much more reported to be so.
'Tis not the act alone that wrongs thy King;
Each Smile, each Glance, and every wanton Look,
That's meant t'another, if I leave unpunish'd,
Shall brand me with the ignominious Name
Of *Wittal*, which is worse——make me but sure
That the least Breath has utter'd such a sound,
Or whisper'd to the Air that she's Unchast,
By all the horrid Fiends that punish Lust,
And by the black Concupiscence of Hell,
I'le tumble her from the Throne into a Dungeon——
Name me the Man that is suspected.

Card. Piercy.

King. Piercy!

Card. Yes, Sir: He is the Man she dotes on;
'Tis he lies deeper in her Breast than ever;
For him she sighs, and hoards up all her wishes;
Gives him her Person warm, inspir'd with Passion,
Whilst for your self she only treats you with
The cold dead Body of departed Love.

King. Is *Piercy* then at Court?

Card. He is this day
Arrriv'd.

King. Hough! Come without my leave say'st thou?

Card. He is, no doubt to consummate their Joyes,
Their Signs and Tokens to compare, which they
By Letters and Devices in their absence
Have hourly plotted to deceive you, Sir;
And put in practice when the time is ripe.

King. Hell and tormenting Furies——I believe thee.

Card. Nay in your Bed and in her Dreams she thinks on't;
When Pleasures made you dull, it whetted her——

King. Hold, I can hear no more. By all my wrongs
And cheated Hopes, thou bring'st to my Remembrance,
How all Complaisances to me were drag'd
And forc'd from her, like Mirth from one in Torture!

Sometimes

Sometimes I found her Face all drown'd in Tears,
With Gales of Sighs just blowing off those Storms,
In fear away: Sometimes again in Blushes,
As if then all the wanton Heat of Love
Were darting through her Eyes to meet my Flame;
But when with eager haste I catch'd her in
These Arms and prest her Lips, alack I found
Instead of Summer there no Ice so cold;
Instead of breath that would revive the dead,
No Air so chill, nor Winter Blasts so keen.

Card. Thus all her actions still will be to you:
The Roses of her Bloom she keeps for him,
The Thorns for you——Had you been *Piercy* then!

King. Let me embrace the Saver of his Prince,
The dear Preserver of my Life and Honour!
What shall I do for thee, my Friend?

Re-enter Rochford.

Card. Here's *Rochford!*
Pray smooth your Brow, and hide your Discontent:
And now y'are going to the Queen smile on her.
Mean while she'll stumble, like a hasty Child,
And act more plain and open to your Justice;
And when you find her tripping, on the sudden
Strike like the Hand of Heav'n, a sure Revenge,
And never let her rise again.

King. I will——
My Lord, you may come near: Where is the Queen? [*To* Roch.

Roch. I left her in the Drawing-Room.

King. Ah *Woolsey!*
What Angel e're so bright as Woman was,
Had not the first scorn'd her Creator's Laws;
For nearest his own likeness they were made,
'Till they by falseness did their Sex degrade. [*Exeunt K. and* Card.

[*Manet* Rochford.

Roch. What means this sudden alteration!

Enter Piercy.

Is not that *Piercy*? Oh! too true he comes!
Not like a joyful Bridgroom, as was told thee,
Poor cheated Sister! but like one, alas!
That knows already, the base wrongs our Friends
Have heap'd upon him! where shall I avoid him?
Ah! why must I of all the Plot be Curst?
To look upon a Face so full of horror;

That like a Hell, at once upbraids my Guilt,
And lashes me with the Remembrance?
Pier. Methinks I walk like one that's in a Dream,
A horrid Dream, and fain would be awake!
These Rooms of State look not as they were wont,
When *Anna Bullen* oft has run to meet me;
But seem like Fairy-Land, a Wilderness.
My Friends, like Beasts that never yet saw Man,
Start at my sight; and shun me worse than Fire.
What mean you Heav'ns! what mean those boding Visions!
O that some Friend, some Friend indeed would meet me!
And wake me out of it——Behold; 'tis granted——
Is not that *Rochford* there? my Dearest Brother!——
Roch. My Lord, my *Piercy*!
Pier. Come thou to my Arms,——
Methinks th'art not concern'd to see thy Friend:
When I embrace thee, 'tis a pain I find,
Thy Friendship is as cold as Winter Blasts,
Or as chill Age is to a tender Virgin!
What ails my Friend? say quickly.
Roch. Nothing ails me.
Pier. Nothing? why look'st thou then so full of horrour?
Thy down-cast Eyes call to my sad remembrance,
How passing by yon Gallery of Pictures,
That happy Gallery that was once the Scene
Of many a joyful meeting with thy Sister!
Looking with wonder on those famous Persons,
Whom the rare Painter had with so much Art
Describ'd, to make Posterity amends,
For their bright Forms now moulder'd in their Urns;
With their Immortal Shapes of Beauty here;
There as we us'd to walk, none e're so kind,
With loving Arms and tender wishes joyn'd,
A glad remembrance in their looks we spy'd,
Of what their Bodies had on Earth enjoy'd;
With stedfast Eyes they watch'd us all the while,
And when we smil'd, they would be sure to smile.
Or if we chanc'd to weep and sigh our woe,
They seem'd to pity us, and do so too:
Such sympathy they drew from all our Fears,
Our very Griefs, and every Look was theirs.
Roch. The over-flowing of your Love-sick Fancy.
Pier. But mark me now, my *Rochford*; mind the sad
Catastrophe. They look't not now like Friends
Of Comfort, but like boding *Spirits* rather;
Their Smiles converted all to darting Frowns,
Whilst with their seeming Voice and Hands, methought,

They

They chid and beckon'd me to ſhun the place,
As if they did intend to ſay aloud,
Ah *Piercy*! 'tis not now as heretofore,
Piercy begone, for thou ſhalt happy be no more.
Roch. Ah, my Lord!
Pier. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou? 'tis enough,
There hangs a dreadful Tale upon thy Brow,
And there's ſome horrid meaning in that word——
Let thy dire Looks ſpeak all the reſt, I prithee;
Th' haſt pierc'd quite through me like an Ague-Fit,
Stopt every circling paſſage of my Blood,
And made me ſweat big drops as cold as Ice——
Say quick! How fares thy Siſter? is ſhe well?
My Love! my Wife! Did I not call her Wife?
Speak, Is ſhe living? Is ſhe dead? If ſo,
And thou dar'ſt utter it! Plant thy dread Voice
Juſt like a Cannon to thy *Piercy*'s Breaſt,
And ſhiver me to pieces.
Roch. By theſe words
I find he knows not of my Siſter's Marriage! [*Aſide.*
Still worſe and worſe!——Alas! my Lord, ſhe lives! [*Aſide.*
Pier. Lives! oh the joy! But is ſhe ought than well?
Tell it with ſpeed! why didſt thou ſay, alas?
Roch. Well ſhe is too.
Pier. Then bleſſed be that Voice;
But why thou ſpeak'ſt it with ſuch cold reſerve,
I cannot gueſs. Oh tell it out with joy!
Tell it aloud with ſhouting to the Spheres,
That they may eccho with glad Harmony:
Thy Siſter lives: my *Bullen* is in health.
Roch. She is in health: but——
Pier. Ha! but what? ſpeak out:
Why doſt thou torture me with dire ſuſpence?
If there be any thing can now be call'd Misfortune,
When thy dear Siſter is in health, out with it;
Let it be worſe than Thunder, I can bear it.
Roch. Alas! kind *Piercy* force not me to tell you,
Too ſoon you'l hear the News from one perhaps
That can relate it, Rocky as he is,
Without a Sigh or Tear in pity of you.
Pier. You Heav'nly Pow'rs! What does my *Rochford* mean!
Methinks the joyful Tidings in my Breaſt,
That ſhe's in health, does chide me for my Fears;
But then again a fatal heavineſs
Streight intercepts this dawn of Comfort there,
And like a Cloud hides all thoſe new-born Beams
Of Hope, and bids me dread I know not what.

I am in Hell, in Torments worſe, in Doubt——
Is there no Balſom that can cure this Sting?
No *Oedipus* that can unfold this Riddle?
I prithee, gentle *Rochford*, do not rack me:
Take off this heavy Weight that ſinks thy Brother.
Come, flatter me, if thou'rt affraid to tell
The Truth, and ſay that all theſe killing words
Were not in Earneſt.

Enter Northumberland.

Roch. See, your Father's here.
Pier. He will take pity, and releaſe me ſure.
North. Harry, thou art moſt welcome to thy Father;
Welcome to all, and welcome to the King.
Rejoice, my Son, and deck thy Face with Smiles:
There's Love and Fortune coming towards thee.
Pier. Pardon me, beſt of Fathers! ſpare my Anſwer: [*Kneels.*
Oh tell me firſt what News is from my Love?
How does my Miſtreſs fare? and what's become
Of Beauteous *Anna Bullen*? quickly, Sir.
North. Why, what's become of her? She's very well:
What ſhould become of her? She's Marry'd, Son.
Pier. Marry'd!
North. Marry'd! ay Marry'd, that ſhe is!
A Queen ſhe's too, a joyful Queen, I tell thee.
Pier. Marry'd! and to the King! by all my hopes,
By all our chaſt, Eternal Vows of Love
It cannot be, although my Father ſays it;
You, whom I'le credit ſooner than an Angel.
Marry'd! my *Anna Bullen* falſe, and Marry'd!
Perſwade me that the Sun has loſt its Virtue,
The Earth, the teeming Earth, forgot to bear,
That Nature ſhall be Nature now no more;
That all the Elements ſhall vaniſh ſtreight,
Turn to Confuſion, into Chaos ſhrink,
And you, and I, and all the living World,
Are what we were before we were begot;
All this muſt be, when *Anna Bullen*'s falſe.
North. I tell thee, raſh and diſobedient Boy,
Marry'd ſhe is without ſuch Miracles.
Pier. Ah, deareſt Father, on my Knees I beg you,
Repeat that horrid, diſmal word no more;
To be obedient, and at once to hear
My Miſtreſs wrong'd, is not in *Piercy*'s power.
Here, cruſh this Inſect, pound me into Duſt,
I'm at your Foot! oh lay it on my Neck,

And punish me with death, ten thousand deaths;
For whilst I live I must be guilty still,
And near can think that *Anna Bullen*'s false:
O Sir, be merciful and just at once,
And say you did it but to try your *Piercy*.

North. Rise, and repent, and do not tempt my Anger,
Which thou should'st feel, but that I pity thee,
And think thy Folly Punishment enough.

Pier. See, Sir, her Brother's more concern'd than I
To hear such words. Come, tell 'em, dearest *Rochford*,
Proclaim her Virtue loud as Cherubins,
Tell 'em, these Rocks, they may in time relent,
And hear the sad Complaints of injur'd Honour:
Is she not Chast! Chast as the Virgin light,
And constant as the Turtle to its Mate,
Her Person sacred still to all Mankind,
And Beauties less corrupted, less defil'd,
Than is the lovely Blew that fragrant hangs
On *Autumn* Fruit, or Morning Dew on Roses.

North. Tell him, my Lord.

Pier. Oh hear the Charming sound;
Tell 'em, and undeceive 'em, Friend; tell 'em
How thou wert by, when first we plighted Troths,
And swore Eternal Faith, Eternal Love,
By every Saint, and every Star that shone,
Who then look'd down as joyful Witnesses,
And darted forth in all their bright Array,
To see our Loves that shin'd more bright than they.

Gent. My Lord, the King and Queen are passing by.

North. Look you, Romantick Sir, behold your Mistress,
Whose Bride she is.

[*King and Queen, Lords and Ladies pass over the Stage,*
Northumberland *follows the King.*

Pier. By the Immortal Powers that gave me life,
And Eyes and Senses to believe, 'tis she——
It is the King, and *Anna Bullen* Crown'd!
Why Father, *Rochford*, Friends is it not so?
And did she not like haughty *June* walk?
Who, as she held the Thunderer by the hand,
Lookt down with scorn on the low World, from whence
She came; so did she cast a loathing Eye
Upon the place where humble *Piercy* stands——
Now you are mute, dumb as those Conjurations
You hir'd just now from Hell to be my Ruine;
Ha! is't not so? Confess that it is so,
And I am blest; own it, and make poor *Piercy* happy.

Roch. Alas! my Lord; afflict your mind no more,

'Tis

'Tis torment to your Friend to see you thus.

Pier. Friend, say'st thou? I disclaim that Name in all,
In Father, Brother, Sister, and Companion;
Nature her self abhors it, like the Plague,
And banishes that Guest from all her Creatures——
False Brother to the falsest Woman living!
Was it for this that I was sent from Court?
Was it for this the subtlest of her Sex
Sent me a Letter with ten thousand Charms,
To let me know that I should write, and should
Be written to no more till my return?
T'avoid suspicion, as she said; but 'twas
To flatter me that I should not mistrust her.

Roch. By Heav'n, and all that's true, she's not to blame.

Pier. Here, *Rochford*, rip, and tear her from my Heart,
Fast rooted as she is: The Poison swells,
O lance it with thy Sword, and give me ease!
She's Hell! she's worse! she's Madness to the Brain;
I am possest, and carry an Host of Devils:
For he that wears a perjur'd Woman here,
Has in his Breast ten thousand Fiends to scourge him.

Re-enter Northumberland.

North. Come, my best Son, the King Salutes thee, *Percy*;
Come, see the Bride he has prepar'd for thee,
And think no more of *Anna Bullen* now.

Pier. Ha! bring me to her streight! Is she a Woman?
A bright dissembling and protesting Woman?
Smooth as the smiling pitiless Ocean is by fits;
But then Her Heart as Rocky, deep, and fathomless?
Has she a Face as tempting as the fair
Deceitful Fruit of *Sodom*, but when tasted,
Is rottenness and horrour to the Core?
Is she so kind, that nothing can be kinder?
Nay were she *Anna Bullen* all without,
And *Bullen* all within, I'd marry her
To be reveng'd!

North. Thou dost rejoice thy Father:
She is as good and beautiful as Angels,
And has ten thousand Pounds a year, which added
To thy Estate, will make you far more happy
Than *Harry* with his Crown, or *Anna Bullen*.

Pier. Come, bring me to her: when shall we be marry'd?

North. When my Son pleases: If thou wilt, to Morrow.

Pier. To Morrow! Now: To Morrow is too late:
What must I waste a Day, and lose a Smile!

The

The King with *Bullen* revels all this while.
Haste, thou slow Sun! when wilt thou bring the Morn?
And when! oh when shall the long Day be worn!
That these triumphant Arms may seize my Bride,
And clasp her gently like a wanton Tide.
In Floods of Extasies I'le drown; and say,
Thus *Harry* and his Queen live all the day;
Thus he embraces her all o're, and o're;
Whilst for each Kiss I'le reap a thousand more:
And for each Pleasure they shall act that Night
I'le pattern then, and double with delight:
But for that rarest Bliss we blush to own,
Spite and Revenge much more my Joys shall Crown. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Cardinal* and *Blunt* severally.

Card. HAIL to the Sacred Queen of Wit and Beauty:
Hail to the Empress of the World that should be.
Blunt. What News? what Song of Comfort brings my *Woolsey*?
Methinks your Looks shine like the Sun of Joy,
And Smiles, more glittering than your Robes appear:
Come, for I long to be partaker of it——
Say, is it Great? Shall *Bullen* sink to Hell?
Shall this proud Exhalation vanish streight?
Or, shall she still be Queen t'affront my *Woolsey*?
Card. No: I'd first pawn both Body and Soul to Hell,
For but a Dram of Poyson that would kill
The Heretick.
Blunt. Oh famous *Cardinal*!
Rome's Sacred Champion, and the Saints of *Rome*!
What can reward thee but the Mytre here,
And when th'art dead, a mighty Throne, as high
As was great *Lucifer*'s before his fall?
Card. Have I not liv'd more splendid than the King?
More aw'd and famous than was *Harry* still?
Have I not scatter'd with a Liberal Hand,
And sow'd more Seed to Charity, than all
The Kingdom else? Built such vast Palaces,
As neither *Italy* nor *Rome* can pattern?
Which *England*'s Monarchs have been proud to dwell in.
Blunt. And but for thee, the Nation had been scorn'd.
Card. Who fram'd such sumptuous Embassies, as I,
With such a Glorious Train of Servants deck'd,
As *Germany* and *France* both wonder'd at,
And thought that all the Nation follow'd me;

Whilst

Whilſt *Tudor* here, as a leſs King than I,
Was ſerv'd, but with the gleanings of my Pomp?

Blunt. 'Twas *Woolſey*, our Great Maſter's greater Servant,
Who, as he rode to meet the Emperour,
E're he approach'd, firſt check'd his pamper'd Steed,
And ſtood at diſtance to receive that Monarch;
Whilſt *Maximilian*, as became him beſt,
Firſt did unlight, and firſt embrac'd my *Woolſey*.

Card. And have not I rul'd *Harry* and the Nation
Shall then this ſtrong Foundation of my Greatneſs
Be undermin'd by ſuch a Wretch as *Bullen*!
By the weak practice of a ſpleenful Woman!
A thing, that I have made; a Poppet Queen,
Dreſt up by me, to Act her Scene of Greatneſs,
And all her Motions guided by this Hand!

Blunt. Shall ſhe then Mount the Fame to ruine *Woolſey*?

Card. No; by my Self, that moment ſhe attempts it,
She pulls a dreadful Tower upon her Head;
When I begin to totter, if I muſt,
Like a huge Oak, that's leaning o're a Wall,
I'le take my Aim, and cruſh her with my fall——
Piercy's arriv'd, there's Aid for your Revenge.

Blunt. I heard ſo, and perceiv'd it by the Queen.

Card. By that ſhe has diſcover'd the deceit,
And finds him Innocent, now 'tis too late;
This makes her careleſs, to her own undoing;
For when the Amorous King comes, loaded with
Big hopes, and thinks to take his fill of Joys,
Streight, like the ſenſitive, nice Plant that ſhrinks,
And on a ſudden gathers up its Leaves,
When 'tis but touch'd, ſhe will contract her Charms,
And ſhut 'em from him in her ſullen Boſom,
As cold as Winter to his warm Embraces:
This, when the vext and paſſionate King perceives,
He'll hate, and caſt her from him in a Rage.

Blunt. See! yonders *Rochford* coming towards us,
Big with glad Looks, I hope, to be deliver'd
Of ſomething that will forward our Deſign.

Card. I will retire, and leave him to your Care,
To mannage him with all the Art of Woman;
And Hell, if Heav'n wont, inſpire your Wit
And Malice. [*Ex.* Card.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Brighteſt of thy dazling Sex,
That wears the Charms of all the World about thee;

How

How have I been this long, long hour in pain,
In Torments and in Darkness all the while!
Sun of my Joy, to waste the tedious Day,
And Star to gaze the live-long night away.

Blunt. O, you are grown a Courtier now indeed,
My Lord; but 'tis no wonder now, you are
Exalted, and are Brother to the Queen.
'Tis hard for one to gain a look from you,
Without the purchase of——I will not tell you——

Roch. Ha! Brother to the Queen! to *Jupiter*.
And if my ravish'd Sense deceives me not,
I will not change my State to shine in Heaven!
To be the darling Brother of the Sun,
Or one of *Leda*'s Twins that deck the Sky:
No, *Castor* I defie thee.

Blunt. Hold, my Lord;
I will not chide you, though you have deserv'd it:
For all those Raptures are but starts in Love,
And seldom hold out to the Races end;
Or else like Straw that gives a sudden blaze,
And soon is out.

Roch. Oh say not so, my Goddess!
The *Negro*, nearest Neighbour to the Sun,
That lives under the torrid burning Line,
Feels not the warmth that does possess my Breast.
And, oh forgive the vast Comparison,
Hell's flame is not so vehement or lasting.

Blunt. Enough, my Lord: I'le put you to your Trial:
Prepare, and see how well you can obey;
But that you may not strive without all hope,
Like Slaves condemn'd for ever to the Gallies;
Here is my Hand, an Earnest of my Promise,
That as I find you Faithful, I'le Reward you.

Roch. Your Hand! where am I? tell me, God of Love!

Blunt. But mark me: Hear, as from a Prophet, this:
Be sure you merit well this first of Favours,
And keep the Oath you vow upon this Hand,
Else I'le denounce a worse than Hell shall follow
Your Sacrilegious Crime.

Roch. Lo, here I swear——
But tell me, Heav'n! what signifies an Oath!
When 'tis impossible I should be false!
I swear upon this Altar, breathing Incense!
Eternal Love! Eternal Constancy——
Divinest, softest——Sweetest—— [*Kisses her Hand.*

Blunt. Go my Lord.
And now you have it, brag to my undoing;

For never any but your King can boast
The like.

Roch. And he, th' unworthiest of Mankind,
Who having such a Jewel in his Breast,
The Crown not half so Sacred, were it mine,
To sell it for a false and glittering Trifle:
So silly *Indians* barter Gold and Pearls
For Baubles.

Blunt. What your Sister, treach'rous Man!
You do not mean it; nor can I endure
To hear her so degraded; if 'twere real:
Sh' has Goodness, and has Beauties more than I,
And merits what she does possess, a Crown;
And much the more, because she sought not for it;
Which is the cause, I fear, that she's unhappy.
You visit her, not only as a Brother,
But as a Friend, and Partner of her Councils;
You Love like Twins, like Lovers, or indeed
As a fond Brother, and kind Sister should.
How bears she this unwelcome State? or rather,
Most does she brook the wrong that's done to *Piercy*?

Roch. All her Reflections on it streight will vanish;
A King and Crown are Charms invincible,
No Storms, nor Discontents can long abide,
Where Love and Empire plead: but soon will flye,
Scatter'd like Mists before the Sun of Power.

Blunt. You speak indifferently, my Lord, and like
Mistrust of her you Love: I long to hear
The more what you would fain disguise from me——
Have you so soon forgot the Oath you took?
Or is't so lately, that you think 'tis scarce
Reach'd down to Hell, to claim you Perjur'd there?
Or think you that I e're can hate the Sister,
When with a blush I own, I love the Brother?
False and ungrateful Man! farewell.

Roch. O stay!
Rip open my Bosom to my naked Heart,
And read what e're you think is written there,
Had I no Tongue to speak, I'd suffer that,
Rather than once deny you any thing.——

Blunt. He softens, turns, and changes, as I'd have him; [*Aside.*
His waxen Soul begins to melt apace:
He is my Slave, my Chain'd and Gally Slave:
Oh that I had but *Harry* so to torture!
But I'le revenge my self on this soft Fool,
On *Bullen*, and on all their Race at once
That were the Curs'd cause of my undoing.

You find my Passion and good Nature quickly,
That makes you use me thus. [To Roch.
Roch. Ten thousand Pardons——
Blunt. No more; I can forgive, if you deserve it;
I charge you, as a Sign of your Repentance,
Go visit streight the Queen, and *Piercy* too;
You hear he's come to Court; and what you learn
From them, that ought concerns their former loves,
From time to time, acquaint me with the Story,
And you shall lock the secret in my Breast.
As safe, as in your own. 'Twere Blasphemy
But to suspect it.——
Blunt. I require this of you;
Not that I doubt the Virtue of the Queen,
But know, that, worse than Hell, I hate the King,
(To which just hatred 'tis you owe my Love)
And wish your Sister, and all Humane kind,
Would hate him too.
Roch. I'le instantly obey you.
Blunt. Come back, my Lord; this readiness has Charm'd me:
And now I can't but give you some kind hopes——
You may have leave to visit me hereafter.
And talk of love, perhaps I'le take it kindly.
Roch. Blest Harmony! Happiest of Mankind, I.
Blunt. And you may write to me, and best by Proxy:
For tho' the King not visits me, as he was wont,
Yet he is Jealous——
Let all your Amorous Letters be disguis'd,
Under the borrow'd Name of Brother still,
Directed to me by the stile of Sister,
Roch. In all things I'll obey my lovely Goddess!
Blunt. These Papers once shall be of Consequence. [*Aside.*
See, the Queen comes, her Soul in discontent, [*To* Roch.
And longs to be disburthen'd. I will leave you——
A fit occasion's offer'd, now she's on
The Rack, to ease her by a fond Confession. [*Ex.* Blunt.

Enter Queen *and Ladies.*

Queen. Where am I now?——My Brother! Is it you;
I hear that *Piercy*'s come to Court.
Roch. He is.
Queen. Where shall I hide my guilty Face from him?
And shut me where he ne'er may see me more?
For now I start at every humane Shape,
And think I meet wrong'd *Piercy* in my way,

Like one escap'd for Murther, in his Flight
Shuns every Beast, and Trembles at the Wind,
And thinks each Bush a Man to apprehend him.

Enter Diana.

I sent thee to the Queen, *Diana*, say,
How fares she in her hopeless, lost Estate?
What Answer bring'st thou, that is Death to hear?
Come talk of Misery, and fill my Breast
With Woe: I'le lay my Ears to the sad sound,
And thence Extract it as the Bees do Hony,
Grief is the Food that the afflicted live by——
Talk any thing; there's nought so dreadful as
The thoughts of injur'd *Piercy*, in my Breast.

Dian. The Princess *Dowager* is dead.

Queen. What Princess?
Art thou a temporizing false one too?
And hast so soon forgot she was thy Queen?

Dian. Queen *Katherine*'s dead.

Queen. Alas! then is she dead!
Then she has got the start of *Anna Bullen*——
Came you too late to pay my Duty to her?

Dian. No: for sh' enjoy'd her Senses to the last,
And then not seem'd to dye, but fall asleep.

Queen. So bold is Innocence, it conquers Death,
And after makes amends for all the wrongs
Sustain'd in Life.——

Dian. When I began to tell her,
I came by your command, to make a tender
Of your most humble Duty, and Condole
Her Majesties Misfortune and Distemper;
She check'd me at that word, and as you have seen
A clear Sky, with a travelling Cloud o'retook,
And quickly gone, so she put on a Frown,
Which did not last, and answer'd with a Smile:
Why did you say, your Majesty to me,
She said, a name I loath? Go, tell your Queen,
Let her not fix on Greatness to be happy,
But take a sad Example here by me:
I, who was Daughter, Niece, and Sister to
To three great Emperours, and Wife, alas!
To the most potent Prince in *Christendom*,
Must Dye more wretched than the meanest Creature,
In a strange Country, 'midst my Enemies,
Not one of all my great Relations here
To pity me, nor Friend to bury me:

And then she wept, and turn'd her gentle Face
The other way, and quickly after dy'd.
Queen. Go on; why dost thou cease this Melody?
Thy Voice exceeds the mourning *Philomels*;
The dying Swan takes not that pleasure in
Her note, as I in such Celestial Musick:
Hast thou no more of it?
Come play the Artist: Shew thou to my Fancy,
Th' Infernal Paths that lead to infinite Horror;
Op'n all the Charnel Houses of the Dead,
And fright away, if it be possible,
The sad remains of injur'd *Piercy* here.

Enter King. ——

[*Exeunt* Diana *and* Rochford.

King. Yonder she is, in Tears amidst her Glories!
You lavish Stars, what will content this Scorner?
From a mean Spring I took this shining Pebble,
And plac'd her in my Heart, and in my Crown,
The fairest and the best lov'd Jewel there:
And sate her on my Throne to be ador'd:
Yet she contemns all this, and would do more,
The Heavens are all too narrow for her Soul!
Gods, you must flatter and descend to her,
Or she'll not stir one jot to you —— She is
So very proud.
Queen. My Lord.
King. Sit down again,
I but disturb you; therefore I'll return;
For sure they must be tender thoughts, for which
You pay such lavish Tribute from your Eyes.
Queen. Sir, I was thinking of th' uncertain State
Of Greatness, and amongst its sad Misfortunes,
What would become of me, alas! if you
(Which I've no reason to suspect)
Should change your Love; and that produc'd these Tears.
King. Y'are in the right, if that should ever happen; ——
But what begets such doubts within your breast?
You have done nothing to deserve such fears:
You love me, and as long as that shall last,
Mistrust not *Henry*. ——
Queen. by my hopes I do.
King. Blest sound. I will hear nothing but my *Bullen*:
Woolsey and Devil tempt me now no more! [*Aside.*
Then shake these Clouds of sorrow from thy Eyes.
And dart thy brighter beams, like *April* Sun-shine,

Into

Into thy Bosom, and thus lock me ever——
Oh, now I nought remember but thy Charms,
And quite forget what e'er I was before.
One word of Bliss, one word of Softness from thee,
To banish hence Suspitions, like the Plague,
And clear our Breasts from jealousies for ever——
What, not a syllable do I deserve?
These Kisses, faint Embraces, and these Odours,
Are ravish'd, not bestow'd upon me——ha!

Queen. What means my Lord?

King. What means the Traiterous *Bulkin?*
By Heav'n she wants the cunning Trick and Skill;
The easie quick Delusion of her Sex,
To hide her falseness——By all Hell she's damn'd.

Queen. O Gracious Sir.

King. Too gracious not to kill thee——
For whom, for whom are your kind looks reserv'd?
Hide you your Minion; for his safeguard, do.
For were he 'mongst his happy Stars, I'd reach him.
I'm frightful as a Ghost, or a Disease:
For when I think to hold her in these Arms,
She struggles like the Quarry in the Toil:
And yields her self unto my loath'd embraces,
With such a forc'd and awker'd willingness,
As men, when they are past all hopes of life,
Resign themselves into the power of Death.

Queen. What Fiend has put such thoughts into your Breast?
When did I wrong you? How have I been false?
Yet I will not complain against my Lord.
Since 'tis your Will——Sir, have I not obey'd you?
No Slave so humbly faithful to your Pleasures,
And in your Bed, with blushing paid those Duties
That modest Virgin, or chast Wife could do:
And if I was not wanton, pray forgive me.

King. Yes, yes, I have your outside; but Hell knows,
And thy false self, who 'tis enjoys thy Soul!
You yield to me indeed, 'tis true; but most
Unwillingly you part with your dear Sweets,
Unless it be to him that has your Heard,
But guard your fatal Hony with a Sting
'Gainst those you hate——Your Person you resign,
But as to Prison; my Arms are but the Grates
Through which your mind is longing still to be abroad:
Nay in the very Moment of Enjoyment:
And who would think but then I should be happy?
There's still another's Picture in your heart,
On which you look and fansie, I am he,

And

And all the while I'm sporting for another.

Queen. Can Heav'n hear this? O cruel, faithless Lord.

King. No: to thy *Syren's* Voice I'll stop my ears;
A thousand times, like them, th'hast cheated me,
Laid my just Passion to a gentle Calm,
Whilst Storms behind were ready to devour me.
On thy false dangerous Charms I'll wrack no more,
But seek for shelter on some kinder Shore;
A grateful Beauty here shall Reign alone,
And chace thee from my Heart, and from thy Throne,
Ha! who comes there? My gentle *Woolsey* come,
And with thy Counsel streight defend my Breast.

[*The King meets* Woolsey, *and goes out leaning on him.*

Queen. Did not my Lord flye from me in a rage,
Arm'd with a Frown, and darted it quite through me?
And *Woolsey* in his Favourites place again?
Nay, then the Wonder is expir'd; that proud,
That great bad man, and *Lucifer* ne'er meant
Me nor my Virtue well——The Kings Inconstancy
Begins to shews its *Janus* Face again:
And all the Doubts of an unhappy Wretch,
My Fears by Day, and horrid Dreams by Night,
Are come to pass.

Enter Piercy.

Pier. What shall I fear to see her!
And tell her Face to Fate the Perjuries
And Falseness that sh' has heap'd upon her Soul,
And ruin'd mine?——Lo, where the false one is!
In counterfeited Grief? By Heav'n in Tears!
As if her sins already did upbraid her!
Just Pow'rs! can you behold a Form so fair,
And suffer falseness to inhabit there?
The Morning Sun risen from its watry Bed,
Less precious drops does on *Arabia* shed:
And sacred Viols of rich *April*-Showers;
When he alternate Rain and Sun-shine pours;
Nor is he half so Beautiful and Gay,
As she a wiping of those Tears away.——

Queen. Ha, *Piercy*! I'm betray'd. Advise me Heav'n!
What shall I do!——Begone, this place is Hell;
Vipers and Adders lurking under smiles,
And flatt'ring Cloths of State: Oh! do not tread here;
Under this Mask of Gallantry and Beauty,
Is a rude Wild; nay, worse, a dangerous Ocean,
Into whose Jaws, Love, like a Calenture,

Will

Will tempt us, where we both must sink and perish.

Pier. What, can so mean a Creature fright a Queen!
Behold a wretched thing of your undoing.

Queen. See where he stands, the mark of pity, Heav'n!
Shut, shut thy eyes, and fly with speed away;
Or view the Rocks and Quick-sands, if thou stay,
Lest this rough *Hellespont* I venture on,
And like *Leander* tempt my Fate, and drown—— [*Ex.* Queen.

Pier. Ha! she's surpriz'd! shuns me! and flies from me!
And more affrighted is at *Piercy*'s wrongs,
Than guilty Ghosts, that have scap'd to Earth,
Hear the Cock crow to summon 'em away,
And start and tremble at the sight of day.
But yet she look'd not like a Foe upon me;
And as she parted, told me with her Eyes,
That there was something in those speaking Tears,
Which might Excuse her, and Condemn her *Piercy*.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. Son, I am come to tell you joyful News,
The King has Charm'd the fair *Diana* to thee,
And is resolv'd to Marry her to Morrow,
And Celebrate the Nuptials with a Pomp,

Pier. The King! the King is marry'd, Sir.

North. He is.
But thou art not: H' intends to give her to thee.
Himself: Why dost thou start? 'Twas but this day
You swore and vow'd, with all the signs of Joy,
And Duty to your Father, you'd obey me.

Pier. Alas! I did: but cannot Heav'n, nor you
Forgive a rash, unhappy Man his Vow?

North. No: by the blood that honours *Piercy*'s Veins,
I swear, I will not——
For Marry'd thou shalt be, and that to her,
Or live a Vagabond, banish'd from Wealth,
From Friends, and Pity; whilst I will advance
Thy Younger Brother to thy lost Estate,
And see thee starve; nay, more, and loaded with
The Curses of thy Father——

Pier. Hold, Sir!——
I'll strive t' obey you; not because I fear
What Misery, or Death can do to me;
Nor to avoid the hungry Lyon's Den,
Or Dragon's Teeth, just ready to devour me;
For know, I plunge into a State more dreadful
But that I may not be th' unhappy Cause

Of dragging wrongful Curſes from a Father,
Which rather turn upon his Head that aims,
Than hurt the Boſom of the Innocent.

Enter Diana.

North. See! ſhe is coming, brighter than a Goddeſs——
I'le leave you, and commit you to her Cure. [*Ex.* North.
Dian. Yonder's the dear-lov'd Man, whom all muſt love,
That loves another too. What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*
Spite of my Stars, I dote upon a Perſon,
Who has no Heart, no Eyes that are his own;
Nor yet one look that ever can be mine.
Pier. Madam! d'you hear the news? My Father tells us
W'are to be Marry'd.
Dian. So the King will have it.
Pier. The King! what would the Tyrant be a God?
To take upon him to diſpoſe of Hearts!
And joyn unequal Souls with one another!
O Beautiful *Diana*! Y'are all Goodneſs,
A ſtore of Virtues in as bright a Perſon,
As Heav'n e're treaſur'd in a Form Divine:
If ſo, what can your Eyes behold in me?
What ſee in ſuch a wretched thing as I,
To Marry me?
Dian. How Charming is his Perſon!
And much more Charming is his Grief! And oh——
How can ſhe e're receive a Wound more deadly, [*Aſide.*
Than I, tormented with the double Dart
Of Love and Pity——Some kind Deity
Aſſiſt me now, leſt I ſhould ſhew I love him,
And teach my Tongue how to bely my Heart.
Pier. You ſeem to ſtudy for ſo plain an Anſwer.
Come tell me ſtreight my faults, and what you think;
For here I ſtand, the Mark of Truth to aim at.
What is there, in this miſerable Shape,
To look on without Scorn?
Dian. Now kind Heav'n,
Lend me the Cunning now of all my Sex! [*Aſide.*
I like you juſt as well as you like me; [*To* Piercy.
Our Perſons might, for all you ſaid of mine,
Be mended both, and both receive Additions:
And for your Nature, I'le be plain, and tell you,
I could have wiſh'd a Man of better humour;
But 'tis no matter, ſince w'are both ſo bad,
We are the fitter then for one another.
Juſt Gods! what miſerable Things we are! [*Aſide:*

Oh! when shall we attain that blest abode,
Where we may never fear to speak aloud
What's Just, and is no Sin?

Pier. What, do you hate me?
Then y'are happier one Degree than I,
For should you love me, you are truly wretched.

Dian. Indeed he little thinks I am that Wretch. [*Aside.*
Tell me wherefore? [*To Pierey.*

Pier. Because the Cruel God
Has rob'd me of my whole Estate of Love,
And left me naked, desolate, and poor;
Not worth one Sigh, nor Wish, if that could pay
The Debt I owe: Nay, should you come a begging,
Cold, and half starv'd, for Succour to my door,
You would not find, in all this rifled Cottage,
One Spark, one Charitable Spark, to warm you.

Dian. Hear, Heav'n! hear, Cruel One! who e'er thou art
He loves, tho' I am slighted, scorn'd, nay hated. [*Aside.*
Wou'd thou hadst my Kind Eyes, my Breast, my Soul,
Would all my Vital Blood were Balm to cure him,
Yet will our Cruel Parents have us Marry'd; [*To Pierey.*
Then, since we must, how know we but our Bodies,
And yet more Careless and Despairing Souls,
In time may grow to such Indifference,
As quite forgetting of what Sex we are,
We may like faithful and condoling Friends,
If not like Lovers, live together.

Pier. Ay;
And when y'are sad, I'le Kiss you like a Brother;
And if you sigh, or chance to shed a Tear,
I will weep too, and ask you why you grieve;
And you shall do the like to me, and streight
Embrace me like a Sister, still remembring
The Subject of our just Complaints shall be,
You that y'are Marry'd———

Dian. You for Marrying me.

Pier. O rarely thought! 'twill be the only Means
To make us happy both against our Wills;
We'll moan, we'll sigh, we'll weep, we'll all but love one another
Instead of loving, pity one another.

Dian. And who can tell but Pity may at last,
By gentle, soft Degrees, grow up to Love.

Pier. Come, let's away then, since they'll have it so,
Meet these glad Rites to all Mankind but us,
Where the malicious Charm shall joyn our Curses,
And not our Persons, but our Woes together
Then turn us loose, like two Condemn'd, lone Wretches;

Banisht

Banisht from Earth, no Creature but our selves,
In an old Bark on wide and Desart Seas,
In Storms by Night and Day, unseen by all,
Unpity'd tost, not one dear Morsel with us
To ease our Hunger, nor one drop of Drink
To quench our raging Thirst, and which is worse,
Without one jot of Rigging, Sail, or Steer to guide us.

Dian. Forgive me, Heav'n! Forgive me all my Sex, [*Aside.*
That ever lov'd, or ever was scorn'd like me!
Tho' 'tis my Fate for ever to be hated,
Tho' we are doom'd to dwell, like wandring Wretches,
In worse than what his worst of Sorrow paints;
Yet I must love him, and resolve to Marry him;
And now I challenge all the wondring World,
And more admiring Angels, if they can,
To find who most is to be pity'd, He
Or I—Quick, let us launch then with a Courage, [*To* Percy.
Since 'tis our King and Cruel Parents Wills.

Per. And give a rare Example to the Marry'd,
Of Constancy: For that which severs them,
Possession of their pall'd and loath'd Enjoyments,
Our faithful Woes shall joyn our Lives the faster.

Dian. And having each of us so mean a Stock
Of love, I in your Breast, and you in mine;
We need not fear that Thieves should come to rob us.

Per. Nor Jealousie to part us.

Dian. Well then, *Percy*,
When our expected Sentence is perform'd,
Where shall we take our welcome Banishment?

Per. To the World's End, Far from all fruitful Grounds,
From Corn, and Wine, or any wanton spring,
In some dead Soil, so barren and so curst,
Where neither loathsom Weeds, nor Thistles grow.

Dian. Or some deep Cave, Where Wolves are all so fierce,
And Beasts so far remote, that we shall hear
No Howls, nor Groans, but what we make our selves.

Per. No: on some dreadful Rock we'll cause to rye,
Whose dismal Top seems fallen'd to the Sky,
Thence we can look on all the World below
So full of Vanity, so full of Woe!
And sometimes on the Wrack-devouring Seas,
The Emblem of our present Miseries,
Sigh for the Creatures, think the Storms we see
Our Cruel Parents, and the Wretches We.

Dian. Or waste our Days in wandring to and fro,
And make our Lives one Harmony of Woe.

Per. 'Till Heav'n shall rain down pity on us——

Dian. No.
We'll not be pity'd. Pity's half a Cure;
That will bring Comfort, which we'll ne're endure.
Pier. O my *Virago* Partner,
Dian. Nay, I dare you.
Pier. Then here we'll take an Oath, and with this Kiss
Let's strike a League with woe, adieu to Bliss!
And now I challenge the All-seeing Sun,
From his proud Prospect, his high Seat at Noon;
'Mongst all the wonders of the World, to spy
A Couple half so kind as thee and I;
Or all the Matches that e're Love decreed,
If ever Man and Wife so well agree'd.
Love oft-times flies from Misery and Pain;
But we resolve the closer to remain.
What though we Wed in Hatred, we may mend;
We but begin where others surely end,
And each of you that Marry first for love,
We are but sooner, what at last you'll prove. [*Ex. Ambo.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Blunt *with Letters*, Rochford.

Blunt. MY Lord, you act the cunning Lover well,
Paint a rare Passion under all Disguises;
Yet oh! I wish this Art had not been learnt,
But Nature in you, and true Love the Teacher;
Yet I will prize and hoard your Letters safe,
As I would fragrant Flowers within my Bosom.
Roch. O my prodigious and exalted Soul;
And my more precious Stars! I bless you all.
Is there a Man 'mongst all your Favourites,
So rich, so happy, and so lov'd as I!
Methinks, for my dear *Anna Bullen*'s sake,
If possible, I love you better now,
Since I dare call you by the Name of Sister.
Blunt. And I much more now I can call you Brother.
Roch. O my too weighty Joys! Immortal State!
And more Immortal Love!
Blunt. No more: I'le chide you.
This is too great, too violent to last——
Hold! give your Passion Breath, leave some for next,
And love not all your wishes out at once——
Where is the Queen?
Roch. I left her discontent.

Blunt. Why, where is *Percy*? Has she seen him yet?
Roch. Seen him she has: but would not speak to him.
Blunt. Not speak to him! Oh cruel, most inhumane!
Had she but seen him in that state as I did,
She would have spoke to him, and dy'd for him.
Roch. Alas! her Cruelty drew Pity from
Her eyes and mine.
Blunt. Would she not speak t'him then?
Roch. No; not a word: but quite o'er-came her Pity,
And went away resolv'd ne'er more to see him.
Blunt. The reason.
Roch. She'd not tell——but I most doubt
Her scrupulous Virtue is the cause.
Blunt. Impossible!
Virtue can never lodge with Cruelty.
What stain were it to th' whitest Innocence?
What crime in the severest Virtue once,
In her condition, but to hear him speak?
Come! she must see him——
Roch. Would my Life and Fortune,
Nay, all my Rights of Love, and Hopes in thee,
Could purchase her consent to see him once,
Pardon the Sallies of most mighty Friendship,
So well I wish him, I would hazard all.
Blunt. Go tell, as from your self, the sad condition
Her horrid Cruelty has brought him to.
Within this hour he enter'd my Apartment,
Not like the Great, the Brave, and Charming *Percy*,
Whose Person none could see without adoring:
But like a dreadful Ghost, or horrid Shadow,
Far worse than what dead, melancholly Midnight,
To frighted Man e'er painted in a Dream;
The evil Genius of his Family
Ne'er look'd so mad, nor threaten'd half the woe,
As he did to himself.
Roch. Unhappy *Percy*.
Blunt. At first his sight was pointed to the Earth,
Then with a Groan, charg'd with a Volley of Sighs,
He lifted up his fatal Eyes on me, which I
Could scarce behold with mine, they were so full
Of pitying Tears——
Then ran into such bitter, sad Complaints
Against our Sexes loath'd Inconstancy,
That I was forc'd to chide him——
Roch. Oh, no more!
It wakes my drowsie Conscience from its rest,
And stabs it with a Guilt,

Blunt.

Blunt. But then at last
From railings into blessings streight he fell,
And on his Knees beseech'd me that I'd plead,
And beg the Queen, but once to see her *Piercy*;
Which I, rack'd with Compassion, promis'd him.
Alas! I fear more than I can perform:
This said, I rise, and *Piercy* follow'd me;
Therefore I charge you by the Power of Friendship,
By *Piercy*'s Woes, and all the Love you owe
To me! go and prevail that he may see her:
He said that you had vow'd to bring't to pass.

Roch. I'll do it instantly; and if she will not,
I'll bear her Body in these Arms by force;
Her mind, I'm sure, is willing to be with him.

Blunt. She's coming streight this way; go quickly you,
(The miserable Wretch is yet without,)
And give him notice, now's the time to speak t'her,
Then streight return to hold her in discourse
Till *Piercy* comes.

Roch. So kind and pitiful!
May all thy cruel Sex be blest for thee. [*Ex.* Roch.

Blunt. So——this has prov'd a lucky Tale, and now
This rare Intelligence goes to my *Woolsey*,
Who'll send th' Alarm to the watchful King,
Streight to surpaze him with his Wife, like *Jupiter*,
Just stealing of his Golden Fleece away——
She comes, she comes, this Player-Queen, but knows,
This is the last proud Act of all thy shows;
This is a bait, kind Stars, if you'l not frown,
With which I'll take Revenge, or catch a Crown:
And when sh' has got her Heav'n, and I my aim;
Who then dares tell me that I was to blame
For who contemns a prosp'rous Wickedness,
Or thinks that ill, that's Sainted with Success. [*Ex.* Blunt.

Enter Queen *with a Letter.*

Queen. What shall I do! where teach my trembling Feet
Their way! was ever Virtue storm'd like mine!
Within, without, I am haunted all alike;
Without, tormented with a jealous King,
Within, my Fears suggest a thousand Plagues,
Bid me remember injur'd *Piercy*'s Wrongs,
And brand me wtih the name of Cruel to him;
Then on a sudden a more dreadful thought
Upbraids me with a Guilt; Conscience from its
And tells me that kind Pity is a Sin.

Witness,

Witneſs, and blame not me, y' Immortal Powers!
When you expoſe two different Fates, one good,
The other bad, and tell not which to take:
If to obey you is my Aim, juſt Heav'n!
'Tis not my fault if I ſhou'd chuſe the wrong.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Siſter! moſt Royal, Merciful, Fair,
And beſt belov'd of Heav'n, and all Mankind,
Let your dear Brother make it his Requeſt,
Thus on his Knees, as Deities are Charm'd,
That you would hear th' unhappy *Piercy* ſpeak,
This once, and but this once——*Piercy*'s without;——
Shall my beſt Friend take but his laſt Farewell?
Grant it, or never more let *Rochford* ſee you.

Queen. Oh Brother! plead no more, 'tis all in vain;
Do not betray thy Siſter to a Guilt,
And ſtain the Cryſtal Virtue of a Soul,
Which ſtill ſhe holds far dearer than a Crown;
Seek not by vile Enchantments to deſtroy
That Innocence, which yet is all my Force,
All the Defence poor *Bullen* has againſt
A jealous Husband, cruel Foes, and worſe,
Againſt the Malice of inveterate Hell.

Roch. What danger can there be? what guilt in you?
To hear the Wretched, and the Injur'd pray?
Come; for you will, you ſhall, you muſt now hear him.

Queen. No more! no more. There's yet a ſubtler Orator
Than you, or Pity, pleads for *Piercy* here,
Here in my firm couragious Soul, and ſtronger
Than Father, Mother, or ten thouſand Brothers,
Yet I can that deny.

Roch. What ſhall I tell him?

Queen. Tell him we are undone; I muſt not ſee him;
And what's far worſe, the King is jealous; tell him
I love him——Tell him what is falſe, I hate him;
Say any thing; but let me not beholld him;
For oh! my Weakneſs he ſo fierce aſſaults,
'Twill ſpoil——'Twill wrack my Conduct——See, he comes.

Enter Piercy.

Moſt Cruel *Piercy*!——Cruel Brother rather——
Help——Take, and bear me ſwiftly from the danger.

Roch. Caſt but one Look, and you muſt needs relent.

Queen. What ſhall I do? which Paſſage ſhall I chuſe? [*Aſide.*

Arm

Arm me, kind Heav'n! againſt my Foe of Pity.
Pier. Still, ſtill ſhe turns, and hides her treach'rous Eyes—
Is't poſſible that ſhe can feel remorſe?
Or Pity after all? O no; ſhe loves too well
The fatal cauſe that purchas'd all this Pomp——
Stay, *Anna Bullen!* Stay; my Queen——perhaps
It is expected I ſhould call you Queen:
Behold your hatred——
Queen. Fly, good *Piercy*, fly:
There's Nets preparing for your life and mine——
There's nought but Snares and Quick-ſands where we tread,
Unfathom'd Pits hid under painted Grounds
Where vaſt Deſtruction watches to devour us:
Farewell——
Pier. Hear me but firſt, and ſhew thy Face,
Thy falſe, diſſembling Beauties——
Many when wrack'd, have been by Dolphins born,
And ſafely landed on the welcome Shore:
And in the Foreſts, nay, the Monſters Dens,
The Paſſenger, half ſtarv'd for want of Food,
Has by the Lyons oft been ſpar'd and fed:
But cruel *Bullen*, cruel Beauty kills
All whom it fetters, moſt on whom it ſmiles.
Nor can the Elements, nor gentler Brutes,
Teach Woman to be pitiful or good.
Queen. Now, now juſt Heav'n! y'are ſhowring all your Plagues
At once upon my Head, and I will bear 'em;
Bear 'em like one of you, and bleſs the Weight;
Hear my ſelf falſe upbraided, call'd moſt perjur'd,
Deceitful, and the Monſter of my Sex;
Ev'n I, (who, you Revengeful Powers above
Know) love this cruel chider to a fault!
Ah *Piercy*, *Piercy*——Fly; for life begone;
Each minute that you ſtay brings death to both.
Pier. Ah, hold! if not for Love, for Pity ſtay.
And if no juſt complaint can pierce your hearing,
Then Bleſſings ſhall: Ten thouſand Bleſſings on you,
If you will hear the curſt of Mankind ſpeak.
Roch. Now, Siſter, heard you that! by Heav'n it melts me.
Sure I'm turn'd all the Woman, you the Man.
Queen. Give me your hand, kind Brother, and ſupport me;
Help, for I ſtagger with the treble Weight
Of Grief, Deſpair, and Pity!
My Senſes all are charm'd, and Feet faſt ty'd
To this inchanted Floor——Quick, or I'm loſt.
Pier. Yet turn; if there's one jot of pity in you;
If *Piercy* e'er was worth one Thought, I charge you,
By the lov'd name of *Anna Bullen*, ſtay——

What

What then, will nothing move? O inexorable!
No not a Look! not *Piercy* worth one Look!
Yet, *Rochford*, hold! Canst thou too be so Cruel!
Fell and obdurate both!
Is there no hope? but will you; will you then
Begone?

Queen. Fly, Brother, e're it be too late,
For shou'd I listen but a Moment more,
The strength of *Hercules* were not enough
To draw me hence, so unruly is my Body,
And my unwilling Soul so loth so part.

Pier. Then with my Knees, thus fastning to the ground
Your Robe, and thus with my extended Arms [*Piercy kneels upon her Robe.*
I'le force and charm you, 'till y'have heard my last
Complaint: And then forbear to pity if you can.

Queen. Why dost thou hold?——Why do I hold my self?

Pier. Ten thousand Curses light upon her Soul
In Hell; and worse, what mine on Earth endures,
That first taught Woman Falsehood.
If for a Crown she's false! Oh may that Crown
Sit loathsom on her Forehead as her Crimes,
May Adders nest within th' Ambitious Round,
And into Stings the fatal Ermins turn.
When dead, may all the Miseries she feels
Be through the World recorded as a Mark
For faithful Lovers to beware, and ne're
Be nam'd without a Curse.

Queen. Ah Cruel *Piercy*!

Pier. But for my Queen, let Heav'n and Angels guard her;
Her I except from any bitter Fate:
Let *Anna Bullen*'s Breast be ne're disturb'd,
Nor Soul upbraided with the Wrongs of *Piercy*:
And oh, kind Heav'n! if there be any Sorrow
(As sure none e're can be) ordain'd for her,
False as she is, I beg that it may fall
Only on wretched *Piercy*'s Head——May Hers
Be all the Pleasure still, and mine the Pain.

Queen. O Gods! obdurate Heav'ns! Cruel Honour! [*Aside.*
And yet more Cruel Vertue, hear and see!

Pier. And when I shall for ever be recluse,
As now I go to part with all Mankind,
'Twill be my Joy, sometimes to think of you,
And make me live, perhaps one Day the longer,——
When in my Melancholly Cell I hear
That the Crown flourishes on *Bullen*'s Head.

Queen. Ha! I'm or'ewhelm'd, the Sluces all are broke, [*Aside.*
And Pity, like a Torrent, pours me down;

Now I am drowning, all within's a Deluge;
Wisdom nor Strength can stem the Tide no more,
And Nature in my Sex ne're felt the like——
Help *Rochford*, e're I'm rooted to this Earth.
Away, away! the least word more undoes me.
Pier. Yet turn one Look upon me, e're you go.
Queen. There take it, with my life, perhaps the purchase——
Take that too, *Piercy*, thou hast been betray'd.
Learn there th' unhappy *Bullen's* Fate——Farewell. [*Gives him a Letter.*
Pier. Yet stay——the Soul ne're parted with such pangs,
From the pale Body, as you fly from me.
Queen. Piercy adieu——I can——I will——I must:
No more. [*Ex. Qu. and Roch.*
Pier. What, never see you more! She's gone,
She's gone, more lov'd and beautiful than ever;
And now methought, just as she parted from me,
She shot a Look quite through my gory Heart,
And left it Gasping, Dying, and Despairing.
What's here, a Letter? and the Character——
That I so oft have been acquainted with?
If these Eternal Kisses give me leave,
I'le break it open with as great a Joy,
As I had leap'd into our Marriage-Bed,
And rifled all the Sweets and Pleasures there——
Whats this I read!

Reads.

By Wicked Woolsey, Harry, *and our Parents*
I was betray'd, and forc'd to Wed the King;
Who intercepted all thy Letters, Swearing
With Sacramental Oaths, that thou were false,
And Marry'd First——Piercy *adieu, and Credit me,*
And that I lov'd thee better than my Life.
Burn this rash Paper, lest the Fiends disclose it.

BULLEN

She's Innocent! Oh! you Immortal Powers!
She's Innocent! And then she loves me still.
Sound, sound my Joy, till my Exalted Soul
Is wound up to th' extreamest pitch of Bliss:
Let *Piercy* never after this be sad——
Yet hold——What dawn of Comfort can't thou spy
In this——Oh none——This Glowworm-Spark,
This Glimps of Hope is vanisht, and I'm left
In deeper Darkness, Horrour and Despair,
Than e're I was before——

Oh

Oh *Anna Bullen!* Curſt in being true!
And I more Curſt in knowing it too late.

Re-enter Queen *and* Rochford.

Ha! ſhe returns! The mourning Angel comes
Again! Sure Heav'ns in Love with both our Miſeries,
They look with ſuch a Pomp and Train in me;
And are ſo beautiful in her!

Queen. Well, Brother,
And thou far ſtronger and immortal Pity,
And more Immortal Love, y' have brought me back——
Ye have. What! what will you do with me now?

Roch. Could any thing on Earth! Tyger, or Panther,
Much leſs a Creature form'd by Heav'n like it:
Could you, I ſay, refrain at ſuch an Object!
At the laſt words of the unhappy Wretch,
And not forbear to balm him o're in Tears,
Or elſe but hear him ſpeak;

Queen. Now I'm inclos'd again!
The Combat now grows fierce and ſtrong, and oh!
How weak an Armour Reſolution is,
Againſt our Paſſions, or the Man belov'd:
Virtue and Honour, hence be proud no more;
Nor brag of your Dominion o'er Mankind;
Leſt Love, moſt fatal Love, too ſoon ſhould tell you,
And make you feel, h' has mightier Chains than you——
See where he is——look Heav'n with tender eyes,
Give Council to my juſt deſpairing Soul,
And tell me, Pity is no Sin——Ah *Percy!*

Pier. My charming Queen! my *Anna Bullen* once
Am I ſo bleſt, and yet ſo wretched too,
As what is written here contains; and tell me!
May I believe that you can love me ſtill?

Queen. Oh *Percy! Percy!* urge me not to tell you
What Heav'ns Auſterity will not permit,
Nor force me to declare——
What the Eternal Sees already written
In two broad Characters within my Breaſt;
How large, how deep thy Story's graven here,
And what I dare not, never muſt unfold——
Oh! I have ſaid too much.

Pier. What! ſaid too much!
Can you repent of one kind thought of *Percy?*
And ſpitefully call back your tender Mercy!
Nay, worſe; can you behold the almoſt Naked,
And ſtarv'd beſeeching Wretch, and ſtrive to pull
The totter'd Remnants from his quivering Joynts,

And dash the Pitcher from the greedy Lips
Of one just ready to expire with Thirst?
Oh Cruel Queen! For *Anna Bullen* would not,
She would not, would not use her *Piercy* thus.
Queen. Cease, cease such sounds——
And turn thy sad, resistless Eyes away;
For if I once behold those Tears, and hear
Thy just Complaints, I can no longer hold,
But break I must through all the bonds of Virtue.
Nay, stood the Jealous *Harry* by
With all his Guards of Devils, *Woolsey's*, *Cardinals*;
In spight of all, in spight of more my self
I must both see, hear thee, and speak to thee,
And pity thee. Now are you satisfied?
Pier. It is enough, bright Daughter of the Sky;
Y'have conquer'd me, my Deity, you have
Here on my Knees, but yet at distance too,
The Posture of a Soul in Extacy,
I beg a thousand Pardons of my Queen.
A Look, a Sigh, a Tear, from *Anna Bullen*,
Is far more worth than all the trifling Wrongs;
Nay, than the Life and very Soul of *Piercy*.
Queen. Help me just Heav'n, who sees how I'm besieged,
And what a weak Resistless Wretch I am!
Why d'ye impose on us so hard a Task
On poor Mankind, so feeble and so frail,
Making us here Commissioners of Virtue,
Yet put by Drams and Scruples in the Ballance,
To Counter-poise and weigh down Flesh and Blood.
How weaks my Will to draw my Body hence;
And oh! how loath my Eyes are to depart,
But wish for ever to be fasten'd on thee,
And look one Look to vast Eternity;
Yet we must part, Ah, *Piercy*! part for ever——
Pier. Ah say not so! must we so soon, my Queen!
Is then this Moments Bliss so Criminal,
That it must forfeit all my precious Hopes
Of an Assurance once to meet again!
Queen. My mind now bodes to me, that 'tis our last;
Yet I must bid thee go: There is no Joy for us;
The Worlds a Deluge all to thee and me——
There is no rest, my *Piercy*, in this World,
No Sanctuary to lay the weary Head
Of the undone, th' unpitty'd, and betray'd.
Farewell: There's somewhat rises o're my Soul,
And covers it as with a fatal Cloud
Of Horror, Death, and Fear. It cannot be;

The

The Sting of parting cannot do all this;
Farewell, farewell.

Pier. Stay; must we part for ever?
What never! never meet again!

Queen. Never till we are Clay, and then perhaps,
Neglected as we were in Life, thrown out in Death,
Some charitable Man may be so kind,
To give our poor forsaken Bodies Burial,
Laying 'em both together in one Bed
Of Earth——
Hah! the time's come! my Fatal Doom's at hand!

Three drops of Blood falls from her Nose, and stains her Handkerchief.

Behold, the Heav'ns in Characters of Blood,
In three inevitable Drops,
Have seal'd it, and decreed that it is now!
Ah *Piercy!* fly, and leave me here alone,
To stem this mighty Torrent of my Fate,
Be gone, while I have life to bid thee go:
For now Death stops my Tongue——

[*She Swoons.*

Pier. My Lord——
She faints——my Life! my *Anna Bullen* stay!
Or your Commands shall fetter me no more.
But break I will through all the Bars of distance,
And catch thee thus, thus hold thee in my Arms——
Rochford! O help to call her back again.
Hold, stop thy flight, thou precious Air return!
Far richer than that rare immaculate Breath,
Which Natures God breath'd in the first of Mankind!

Roch. Wake Sister, wake! behold no danger's nigh!

Quern. Ah *Piercy!* now I wake, with Courage now
To meet my Fate; and see where it approaches.

Enter Cardinal, Northumberland, *and Guards.*

Pier. Ha! *Woolsey*, and my Father with the Guards!

Card. My Lord, e'er we discover our Commission,
Pray, let your Son be parted from the Queen,
Least the wrong'd King should see him in his rage,
And execute his worst of Fury on him.

North. Son! tho' you have committed, in the Court,
The greatest Crime, against your Royal Master,
That e'er a Subject can be guilty of;
Yet in respect of these gray Hairs and Tears,
He has been pleas'd to spare your forfeit Life:
Therefore be gone; a minutes stay is fatal——
Guards, force him, if he goes not willingly,

And carry him ſtreight, by Barge, to *Suffolk*-Houſe
Without reply.

Pier. Obediently I'll go,
If you will promiſe me that you have bought
Againſt the ſacred Perſon of the Queen,
And will not touch her: for 'tis greater Sacrilege,
Then 'tis to hurt an Angel, cou'd it be:
She is ſo Innocent, ſo Chaſt, and Pure
Elſe I'm reſolv'd to ſtand, no Rock ſo firm!
Fixt like the Center to the Maſſey Globe,
You ſhould as ſoon remove ſtrong *Hercules*,
With his hands graſping both the Poles of Heaven,
As force me from this Footing, where I ſtand,
And ſee the Queen but threatned, or in danger.

Card. My Lord, on both our Honours, the Queen's Perſon
Shall be inviolate and ſacred always:
Nor know we ought againſt her—but the King
Is coming ſtreight to viſit her, as kindly
As he was wont: Therefore you muſt be gone———
We have no other reaſon but your ſafety.

Pier. I fear! for ah! what truth can come from thee?
Thou ſpeak'ſt but at the ſecond hand from Hell———
Kind Sir, may I believe what *Woolſey* ſays?

Card. Confirm it, good my Lord, or you'l delay.

North. 'Tis true, what the great Cardinal has told you.

Queen. Go, *Piercy*; and miſtruſt not more than I,
Be gone, if I have Power left to command;
Leave me to Innocence, and Heav'n that will not
Permit a Soul that never did any ill,
To fear it.

Pier. Then I'll go———but oh juſt Heav'n!
And all you Angels, Cherubims, and Thrones:
All you bright Guards to the moſt High Imperial,
You kindeſt, gentleſt, mildeſt Planets,
You leſſer Stars, you fair innumerable,
And all you bright Inhabitants above,
Protect the Sacred Perſon of the Queen;
And ſhed your baleſull'ſt Venom on their heads,
That think to ſtain a Whiteneſs like your loves.
Farewell———

[*Exit Pier.*

Queen. Farewell!

Card. John Viſcount *Kinſford*, by the King's Command,
W' arreſt you here, of Capital, High Treaſon.

Queen. Heav'n! Heav'n! my Brother fain into the Snare!

Card. And 'tis his pleaſure that you ſtreight be ſent
Cloſe Priſoner to the Tower, with the Lord *Percy*,
Who is ſuſpected with you to be Guilty.

Of

Of the same hainous crime. Guards! seize his Person.

Roch. Base Villain! Traitor! Wretch! say, for what?

Queen. No matter. Let a Woman teach this Contempt:
Ne'er ask for what, since 'tis his wise Decree
Above, who gave us with a liberal hand,
And sate us on the highest spoke of Greatness,
No longer than he pleas'd to call us down——
Well, whose turn's next? Come, dart your worst, my Lords,
And meet a temper'd breast, that knows to bear.
By my bright hopes, y'are more afraid than I;
I did expect you would begin with me!

Card. Most Royal Madam, oh! I wish the King
Had chosen some less unwilling than our selves,
To Execute his most detested Office:
In Witness of it, on our Knees with Tears, [*Kneels.*
And Sorrow, we our sad Commission take.
It is the Kings most fatal Pleasure too,
That you be sent a Prisoner to the Tower,
And thence immediately to both your Tryals. [*Rises.*

Roch. Tryal! oh her wrong'd Innocence! for what?

Queen. No more, dear Brother; let us both submit,
And give Heav'n Thanks, and our most Gracious King
For I'm not so presumptuous of my Virtue;
But think, Dear *Rochford*, that both you and I
Have once committed, in our erring Lives,
Something, for which we justly merit Death,
Though not, perhaps, the thing we are accused of.

Enter the King *in a Fury, with Letters in his hand.* *Attendants and Guards.*

Card. The King is here!

Queen. Then he is Merciful.

King. Where is this Woman! this most abhorr'd of Wives!
This Scandal to her Sex, my Crown and Life!
What by your Minion? oh good natur'd Husband!
Down on your Knees, and thank me for the favour——
See——here are Letters fain into my hands,
Where your dear Brother says he has enjoy'd you.
[*Gives the Letters to the Queen.*
Oh thou more damn'd, and more insatiate fury!
Than *Messalina*. She was chast, to thee.
Her, half the Men and Slaves of *Rome*,
Could satisfie; but thou, not all Mankind,
With Husband, Brother, Kindred in the Number. [*She gives 'em Roch.*

Queen. Oh Heav'nly Powers! oh Guard of Innocence!
What do I see and hear! O Sacred Sir!

You

You took me to your Royal Bed, a Hand-maid
The most unworthy of the mighty Favour;
Oh throw me into Dungeons straight, or take
Away my Life, that ne'er offended you!
Take all in recompence from *Anna Bullen*,
'Tis yours; but do not rob me of my Fame,
Nor stain my Virtue with so foul a Guilt.

Roch. What's here? my amorous Letters sent to *Blunt*!
Has she betray'd me?

King. I will hear no more——

Roch. Ah, Royal Sir, these Letters I confess——

King. Damn thy lewd lustful breath; thy Poysonous tongue
Here, take 'em hence, ye Torturers, Rack, to Death——

Queen. O Sir! I am prepar'd for any Death,
For worse than Death, ten thousand, thousand Torments
And if you think 'em all too few to punish
Here take advice of *Woolsey*, he'll instruct you,
Tell you, how you may plague this hated body,
But do not think that I'm so loath'd a Creature.

King. Quick, take away thy hands, or I will force thee——

Queen. You shall not, cannot, till I've sworn the truth;
For by th' unspotted Babe within the Womb,
That yet lies wrapt in Innocence, unborn;
By injur'd Truth, by Souls of Martyr'd Saints,
By you, my Lord, my Husband, and my King,
And by the King of Kings, the King of Heav'n,
I'm wrong'd! Ah Royal, Gracious Sir, I'm wrong'd.

King. Unhand me; or I'll spurn thee from thy hold——
Seize, seize on *Percy*——by my Life, who begs [*To the Guards.*
In his behalf's a Traitor, worse than he—— [*To* North. *who kneels.*
Here is another Letter too, it is from *Norris*,
Who much commends your darling, secret Beauties,
And sweetness of your Lips; Yet you are wrong'd!——
Here's Notes of your Musician too, that charm'd you.
Eternal Hell! where's such another Monster?
I have more Horns than any Forrest yields,
Than *Finsbury*, or all the City Musters
Upon a Training, or a Lord Mayors day.
Rise! and be gone, thou Fiend, thou Sorceress,
Thy Power, thy Charms, like Witchcraft, all have left thee,
Go you incestuous Twins, make haste and mingle
Your foul, adulterate Blood in Death together——
Oh, they're too long asunder. Why, dost weep?
Go to thy Death, and what's a greater pain,
May Heav'n, like me, find all those Tears in vain.

[*Ex.* King, *Attendants*,

Roch. Ah Sister! what dire Fiends most punish *Rochford*:

What

What will become of me, the Cauſe of all?
Queen. Fear not. Heav'n knows thy Innocence, and mine!
What tho' we ſuffer here a little ſhame?
'Tis to reward our Souls above, and with
Immortal Reſtitution Crown 'em there——
We two liv'd in one Mother's ſpotleſs Womb;
And then we ſcarce had purer Thoughts than now!
And ſhortly we ſhall meet together in
One Grave.
Roch. O ſay not ſo: Death dare not be ſo Cruel.
Queen. Ceaſe Brother, ceaſe; ſay not a word in anſwer;
But lead me, like a Valiant Man, to Chains.
Come, let's prepare——But firſt my Pomp adieu!
[*Kneels, and lays down her Crown.*
From Heav'n I did my Crown and Life receive,
And back to Heav'n both Crown and Life I'le give;
And thus, in humble poſture, lay it down
With greater Joy than firſt I put it on. [*Riſes.*
And now I tread more light, and ſee from far
A Beamy Crown, each Diamond a Star.
But oh, you Royal Martyrs! Ceaſe a while
Your Crying Blood, that elſe muſt curſe this Iſle;
Of the *Imperial* aſk it with my Pray'r;
For you are ſtill the neareſt Angels there;
Then *Richard*, *Edwards*, *Henry*, all make room,
The firſt of ſlaughter'd *Engliſh* Queens I come.
Let me amongſt your glorious, happy Train,
Free from this hated World, and Traitors Reign. [*Ex. Amb.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal *and* Blunt *ſeverally.*

Card. LUckieſt of Omens! do I meet my *Friend*,
My Fair, Illuſtrious Partner in Revenge!
Come, tell the News that your glad Eyes proclaim;
Speak, by thy Looks, I know it muſt be well.
Is ſhe Condemn'd? Shall *Rome* be Abſolute?
Shall *Woolſey* Reign, and ſhall my *Blunt* be Queen?
Blunt. 'Tis as thou ſay'ſt, moſt mighty of thy Function;
Greateſt that e're adorn'd this Robe, 'tis ſo.
Theſe Eyes ſaw the bright *Engliſh* Sun Eclips'd,
And what is more, Eclips'd by Thee and Me,
Caſt by her aweful Judges from her Height,
Guilty and ſham'd, as *Lucifer* from Heav'n,
And forc'd to beg it, as the mildeſt Sentence,
To loſe her Head.

Card. Then there's an end of *Bullen*.

Blunt. And what to see, gave me the greater Joy;
Those Letters counterfeited by the Fool
Her Brother, were the strongest Proofs against her;
So the same Papers which by your Advice
I got convey'd into her Cabinet,
Were the substantiall'st Circumstances found
For which she dies.

Card. O Just and Sacred Rage,
Revenge! Thou greatest Deity on Earth!
And Woman's Wit the greatest of thy Council.

Blunt. We ought to veil before your Priestly Robe;
My Crown of Wit shall ne're stand Candidate
With yours; and yet I dare be bold to say,
This I, and Malice would have done alone,
Without the mighty Aid of *Woolsey's* Brain.

Card. Then nothings to be done by Fate, nor *Woolsey*,
But take the vanquisht Crown from *Bullen's* Head,
And place it suddenly on yours.

Blunt. For which,
My gracious *Woolsey*, I will so reward you,

Enter to them Piercy.

Pier. Blackness Eternal cover all the World!
Infernal Darkness, such as *Ægypt* felt,
When the Great Patriarch curs'd the fatted Land,
And with a Word extinguisht all the light.

Blunt. See, *Piercy's* here! More mad than we are joyful:
Does't not make young the Blood about thy Heart,
T' see that our Revenge not singly hits,
But, like a Chain-shot carries all before it?

Card. Let us avoid him—— You intend to see
The Queen receive her Death: But I, to hide
The Pleasure that perhaps the sight would give me,
Will pass this Day at *Esher*, like a Mourner.

Pier. Behold, the Sun shines still; instead of Darkness,
Yon Azure Blue's unspeckled with a Cloud;
The Face of Heav'n smiles on her as a Bride,
The Day, the Sun sits mounted on his Chariot,
And darts his spiteful Beams in scorn of Pity;
'Bates not a jot of the Illustrious Pomp,
He should have furnish'd on her Wedding-Day:
Heav'n looks like Heav'n still, Nature as 'twas,
Men, Beasts, and Devils; every thing that lives,
Conspires, as pleas'd at *Anna Bullen's* Fall.
Behold, just Powers! the Curses of the Land!
Stay you Amphibious Monsters, Priest, and Devil! [*To the Card. and Blunt.*
And Strumpet, if it can be, worse than both!

You

You far more dreadful Pair than those that first
Betray'd poor easie Man, and all Mankind:
Thou fatal Woman Thou! and Serpent Thou!
By whose sole Malice (oh that Heav'n should let it!)
A greater Innocence this Day is fallen,
Than ever blest the Walks of Paradise.
Card. My Lord, I shall acquaint the King with this,
And those just Lords the Judges of her Cause,
Whom your base Malice wrongs——But I'm above it——
Farewell. [*Ex. Card. and* Blunt.
Pier. Bold Traytors! Hell-hounds! hear me first;
Stay you infectious Dragons; do you fly?
Does *Anna Bullen*'s Chastity and Virtue,
Writ in this Angry Fore-head, make you flie?—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Diana *to him.*

What, the fair, wrong'd *Diana* in Tears!
Can *Anna Bullen*'s Miseries Attract
The noblest of Compassion, Pity from
A Rivals Breast! thou Wonder of my Sex!
How far more Wretched mak'st thou *Piercy* still,
When I behold how much thou dost deserve,
And I, so very little have to pay!
Dian. What Rocky-heart could have refrain'd from Pity,
To see the Sight that I did! any thing,
But Man, most Cruel Mankind, would have griev'd;
Tygers and Panthers would have wept to see her;
And her base Judges, had they not been Men,
Would have bemoan'd her like departing Babes.
Pier. Is *Rochford* too Condemn'd?
Dian. Alas! he is.
Rochford and *Norris* both, receiv'd their Sentence,
And both behav'd themselves like Gallant Men——
But for the Queen! Ah *Piercy*, such bright Courage,
No thought can Dictate, nor no Tongue Relate;
When she was tax'd with that unnatural Crime,
Adultery with her Brother; ('Tis a Sin
That e're it should be nam'd.) At first she started,
And soon an Innocent, not Guilty, Red
Adorn'd her Face, and Sainted it with Tears;
But streight conceiving it a Fault, she Smil'd,
Wip'd off the Drops, and chid the Blush away.
Pier. When I am Dead, may my sad Tale be dress,
And have no other Tongue, but thine, to tell it.
Dian. Then with the meekness of a Saint she stood;
With such amazing Ornory dazled,
And like the Sun, darted quite through her Judges,
And sham'd their Guilt, that none durst look upon her:

But oh! what's destin'd in the blackest Pit
Of Hell; what Innocence can n'ere withstand.
What e're she said, that Angels cou'd not finer,
And shew'd a Soul, no Crystal nigh so clear;
Tho' all appear'd to be the Plot of Devils;
Yet was she guilty found, and, oh, sad *Piercy!*
(May all Eyes weep at it, like thine and mine)
Condemn'd to lose her Head.

Pier. Hell dare not think it. ——

Dian. The Cruel Duke of *Norfolk*, her Relation,
As Steward for the Day, pronounc'd the Sentence.

Pier. And my hard hearted Father too was there.

Dian. My Lord! What said you? Your hard hearted Father?
Oh blotted let it be from all Records,
And never be in *England's* Annals read,
What I'm about to tell you. Her own Father,
The Earl of *Wiltshire*, sate amongst her Judges.

Pier. O Monster damn'd! than Cruel *Titan* worse,
That eat up his own Issue as he got 'em.

Dian. Behold, the King! All Knees, are bent, all Hands,
All good Mens Eyes lift up to Heav'n and him,
To beg the Life of Her that glads the World.

Pier. Make use of all thy VVomans art to win him;
Let all Petition him that share her Blood,
Matrons, VVives, Virgins, all the Charming Sex.

Dian. Do you withdraw. You but incense the King——
Iv'e yet a soft Experiment to try,
Shall pierce his stubborn Nature to the Quick.

Pier. That Angel, th'art inspir'd with prosper thee. [*Exit*

Enter King *and Attendants.*

King. Piercy! did I not charge he should be seiz'd?
[*To the Guards who go out to seize* Piercy

Now by the Sacred Crown of *England's* Monarchs,
Let none entreat me upon pain of Death? [*To Petitioners.*
VVhat's here? A List of base Petitioners,
For *Norris* Life! Hell and Confusion seize 'em
Have I not like a Rock against the Seas,
And Mountain 'gainst the VVinds stood thus unshaken,
Deny'd all *England's* Prayers, and Tears of Angels?
Nay more, this heart, that pleads with mortal pangs
For my dear *Anna Bullen's* life? And shall I
Pardon a Slave before I would my Queen?

Enter Northumberland, *who kneels.*

King. VVhy dost kneel?

North. I met my Son this most unlucky moment,
Just as the Guards were ready to obey,
And Execute your fatal orders on him.

Who in deſpair, or rather in obedince,
Making a faint reſemblance to reſiſt;
As they were ſtriving to put by his Sword,
He on a ſudden open'd wide his Arms,
And on his Breaſt receiv'd a wilful wound.
I kneel with humble Prayers, that his diſaſter
Would mitigate your preſent and juſt Fury:
And grant my Son his freedom, till his hurt
Is cur'd, which is not mortal.

King. Be it ſo.

Enter Diana, *leading the Young Princeſs* Elizabeth, *with Women.*

Dian. Pardon this bold Intrusion in your Preſence.
Your Daughter, Sir, this little Princeſs here,
Poſſeſt with Womans Rage, and far above
The little ſparkling Reaſon of a Child,
Scream'd for her Father; where's my Father, ſaid ſhe;
And as we brought her to you, ſtill ſhe cry'd,
Unleſs ſhe ſaw her Father, ſhe wou'd die.

King. What wouldſt thou have, my little *Betty*, ſay?

Child. But will you promiſe me that you'l not frown,
And cry aloud, Hough? and then indeed I'll tell you,

King. I do. Come, let me take thee in my Arms———

Child. No: but I'll kneel: for I muſt be a Beggar,
And I have learnt, that all who beg of you,
Muſt do it kneeling.

North. Prettieſt Innocence!

King. Well then, what is't my little Pratler, ſay?

Child. I'm told that ſtreight my Mother is to die,
Yet I have heard you ſay, you lov'd her dearly:
And will you let her die, and me die too?

King. She muſt die, Child; there is no harm in Death;
Beſides the Law has ſaid it, and ſhe muſt.

Child. Muſt! is the Law a greater King than you?

King. O yes. But do not cry, my pretty *Betty*:
For ſhe'l be happier when ſhe's dead, and go
To Heaven.

Child. Nay, I'm ſure ſhe'll go to Heav'n.

King. How art thou ſure?

Child. Some body told me ſo
Laſt night when I was in my ſleep.

King. Who was it?

Child. A fine old man like my Godfather *Cranmer*.

Card. Ay, there's the Egg that hatcht this Cocaktrice.

Child. Pray Father, what's that huge, tall, Bloody man?
I ne'er ſaw him but once in all my life,
And then he frighted me. He looks for all
The World, juſt like the Picture of the Pope.

King

King. Why, don't you love the Pope?
Child. No indeed don't I,
Nor never will.
King. Ay, but you muſt, my Dear;
He is a fine old Man too, if you ſaw him.
Card. Go, y'are a little Heretick.
Child. A Heretick!
Pray Father, what does that bold Fellow call me?
What's that?
King. Why, that's one that forſakes the right,
And turns to a new, wrong Religion.
Child. Then I'm no Heretick: For I ne'er turn'd
In all my life. But you forget your Child.
Dear Father, will you ſave my Mother's life?
King. You muſt not call me Father: For they ſay,
Y'are not my Daughter.
Child. Who's am I then?
Who told you ſo? that ugly old, bald Prieſt?
He tells untruth. I'm ſure you are my Father?
King. How ar'n?
Child. Cauſe I love none ſo well as you——
But oh you'l never hear me what I have to ſay,
As long as he, that Devil there, ſtands by
Your Elbow.
King. Ha! what Devil?
Child. That Red Thing there.
King. Oh Child; he is no Devil, he's a Cardinal.
Child. Why does he wear that huge, long Coat then?
Unleſs it be to hide his Cloven feet.
Card. Sir, all's deſign'd by *Cranmer* for the Queen,
Of whom ſh'has learn'd this Leſſon like a Parrot.
King. Take her away, I were a Fool indeed,
If Womens Tears, and Childrens idle Prattle,
Should change my fixt Reſolves, and cheat my Juſtice——
Away with her.
Child. Oh, but they dare not:
Father, will you not let your *Betty* kiſs you?
Why do you let 'em pull me from you ſo?
I ne'er did anger you:
Pray ſave my Mother, dear King-Father do;
And if you hate her, we will promiſe both,
That ſhe and I will go a great huge way,
And never ſee you more.
King. Unlooſe her, hough!
Hence with her ſtraight: I will not hear her prate
Another word. Go, y'are a naughty Girl.
Child. Well, I'm reſolv'd when I am grown a Woman,

I'll

I'll be reveng'd, and cry, Hough too.

[*Ex.* Diana, Princess, *Women.*

King. Ha! Spirit!
Mount all the Draw-Bridges, and guard the Gates,
Then bring the Prisoners forth to Execution:
Norris, and *Rochford* first, and then the Queen:
My Lord *Northumberland*, be it your Task;
Dispatch my Orders straight, and fetch the Traytors——
What's this that gives my Soul a sudden Twitch?
And bids me not proceed. Ha! is't Compassion!
Shall Pity ever fond the Breast of *Henry*!
'Tis but a slip of Nature, and I'll on.
Think on thy Wrongs; the Wrongs her Lust has done thee,
And sweep away this loath'd incestuous Brood,
As Heav'n would drive a Plague from off the Land:
Think thou shalt have thy *Seymor* in thy Arms,
Who shall restore thy loss with double Charms:
And though my *Bullen* sets this night, and dies,
Seymor, next Morn, like a new Sun shall rise. [*Ex.* King, *Attendants.*

North. With an unwilling heart, I take this Office,
And Heav'n, if *Anna Bullen*'s Innocent,
Forgive me, since it is my King's Command.
My Breast is sad, and tender for her, all;
Tho' *Piercy* ne'er can rise, but by her Fall——

Enter to him Rochford, Lieutenant, *and Guards.*

Roch. Wil't not be granted, that I here may see
My Sister e'er I dye, to part with her?

Lieut. There is my Lord *Northumberland*, he'll tell you.

Roch. My Lord y'are come to see a wretched Pair
Of *Ormonds* Issue leave this fatal World.
Shall we not meet, and take our last Farewell:

Nor. Norris, my Lord, is now upon the Scaffold,
Then your turn follows; but before that time,
I guess the Queen will be prepar'd, and come.

Roch. Forgive me, Heav'n, my Passion, and my Crime,
For Natures choice of a wrong, fatal Object,
Loving too well, what in effect was ill.
O all you strict Idolaters of Beauty!
You fond, severe Adorers of that Sex,
Who think that all their Vices cannot Center
In one vile Womans Breast; see, and repent!
Behold us all together
In the Infernal *Blunt*, in her they're fix'd.
Thus have they all been curst, and thus they all
Have been betray'd, that lov'd so well as I.

Enter

Enter Queen *going to Execution all in white*: Diana, *Women in Mourning*; *Guards.*

Queen. Come, where are those must lead me to my Fate?
To a more Glorious Happy Marriage-Bed,
And my Eternal Coronation-day———
What, *Piercy*'s Father! must he do the Office?
Still I can bear it all, and bear it bravely.

Nor. Madam! it is the Kings severe Command,
That I attend your Majesty to th' Scaffold.

Queen. Enough, my Lord, you might have spar'd that Title:
Alas! I wish it ever had been spar'd———
I should have been, if Malice had not reign'd,
Your *Piercy*'s Wife, the Scope of my Ambition:
I ne'er had then been mounted to a Throne;
Then this unhappy hour had never been.

Roch. Mind this you Rocky World, and mourn in Chaos.
Such words as these the Heav'ns must weep to hear,
And make yon Marble Roof dissolve in Tears.

Queen. What! do you weep to see your Mistress glory!
That she shall streight wipe off the stain on Earth
She bears, with an unspotted Fame in Heav'n?
I charge you, by my hopes, and by your hopes,
When you are going where I soon shall go;
By the Illustrious Pomp I long to meet,
The Sacred, Just Rewards of injur'd Truth;
Acquaint this Noble Lord, and all here present,
If e'er you saw in all my Nights or Days,
Or in my looser hours of Mirth or Humour,
The smallest sign of that most horrid Guilt
That I'm condemn'd for?———Why, are you all dumb?
If you are loth to tell it whilst I live,
Proclaim it when I'm dead, to all the World,
That Heav'n may bar the Gates of Bliss against me,
And throw me to the blackest of Hells Dungeons,
Where all Dissemblers at their Death shall howl.

Wom. Alas! most Gracious Mistress, none can wish
Themselves more Innocent for Death than you.

Queen. What dost thou weep, unhappy Brother too!
Oh shew me not suspected, nor thy self
So Guilty, by such softness——learn of me!
This Breast that's putrify'd by constant Woes!
By all my Wrongs, m' Injustice, and my Cause,
Who sees me weep, they shall be tears of Joy.
Who grieves to leave the World, shall never come
Where I am going, where all sorrow's banish'd.

Roch. Tho' I am innocent, my Fate is not;
'Tis that has been unjust to thee and me.

Queen.

Queen. Tho' 'tis a Common, 'tis a fatal ſign,
We weep when we are born: but it was
More ominous, and much more fatal prov'd,
From theſe prophetick Eyes there guſht a ſhower,
When *Harry* gave his Faithleſs hand to me;
And on my Coronation day the like,
My bodeing Heart another Tribute rack'd,
Methought there ſate a Mountain on my Head,
The Curſes of wrong'd *Katherine* weigh'd me down;
And made my Crown indeed a Maſſey Crown.
Roch. Deny me not a little tender Grief,
For every drop of Blood that's to be ſhed,
Of that ineſtimable Maſs of thine,
My Soul muſt rack a thouſand years in Hell.
Queen. Forbear ſuch words——You have not injur'd me:
I might as well tax Providence, as you:
For Heav'n, that heard the Perjury of Villains,
Might, if it pleas'd, have chok'd 'em with its Thunder,
Or ſent 'em with a Lightning blaſt to Hell!
But he has bent their Rage another way, [*One Whiſpers* North.
And on their Malice we ſhall ſafely mount,
As on a Cherubin to Heav'n.
North. My Lord,
You muſt prepare; a Meſſenger is come,
Who brings the News that *Norris* is beheaded.
Queen. Alas! unhappy *Norris*! art thou dead?
Yet why do I ſo much wrong to pity thee?
Thou'rt hapdier by ſome moments now than I.
Roch. Come! lead me to my reſt, my reſt from wrongs.
Now, *Anna Bullen*, teach me all thy Courage:
Thy Innocence, that makes the Heav'ns amaz'd:
And the more guilty Angels bluſh to ſee.
Help me to paſs this *Rubicon* of Parting,
This mid-way Gulph that hangs 'twixt Earth and Sky!
Then that bleſt Region, all beyond is mine,
And *Caſar* was not half ſo great as I.
Queen. Go! be a lucky Harbinger for me;
Tell all the Saints, and Cherubins, and Martyrs,
Tell all the Wrong'd, that now are righted there,
Till it ſhall reach the high, *Imperial* Ear,
That *Anna Bullen* is a coming ſtreight.
Roch. Wilt not embrace thy dying Brother firſt?
One Father and one Mother gave us Birth;
And one Chaſt, Innocent Natures Bed inclos'd us——
Theſe are our Parents Arms, and ſo are thine.
Then all you Saints above, and Men below,
Bear Witneſs, and I vow it on my Death,

It is the greateſt, firſt, and only favour
I e're receiv'd from *Anna Bullen's* Perſon.

Queen. In ſpite of Scandal, Malice, and the World;
Nay, were the King and our vile Judges by,
Since Heav'n is ſatisfi'd it is no Sin;
I will embrace thee, think I've in my Arms,
Both Father, Mother, Siſter, Brother, all;
And Envy cannot blame me now for this.

Roch. Thus, let thy Soul into my Boſom fly;
That I may feel the ſtroke of Death for thee;
And when the fatal Ax hangs o're thy Head,
O may it lull Thee, and not ſtrike thee dead;
Softer than Infants Dreams, or with leſs pain,
Than 'tis to ſleep, or to be born again——— [*Ex.* Roch. to *Execution.*

Queen. So, this is paſt and vanquiſht! but behold
A greater yet——Now I begin to dread———

Enter Diana, *with the young Princeſs, and Women.*

Ah kind *Diana*, wonderful and good!
The pity that thou ſhew'ſt thy dying Friend,
This little one, I hope, will live to pay.

Dian. Ah Royal Miſtreſs! *England's* falling Star!
Beſt Pattern that e're Earth receiv'd from Heav'n———
I need not fear theſe Eyes ſhould ſee you dye.
For e're that time, juſt Grief ſhall ſtrike me dead;
Or Torrents of theſe Tears will make me blind.

Queen. Come, lift her to my Arms, and let me Kiſs her,
For 'tis the laſt kind Office you will do me.
Now let me preſs thy little Coral-Lips
With my dead pale ones now! and oh let me
Infuſe ſome of thy Mothers lateſt Breath,
In Bleſſings on thy tender, blooming Soul———
What's this that tempts me with a Mothers Fondneſs?
To break my Reſolution, and upbraids me,
That I muſt leave thee to a Fathers Rage,
And yet more Cruel Enemies to both?
Leave thee a Lamb, 'mongſt Wolves; for all who've been
Thy Mothers Foes will certainly be thine.

Dian. Tygers, nor Devils! or what's more inhumane;
Envy of Mankind cannot be ſo Curſt.

Queen. See, ſee *Diana*! by my Wrongs it weeps,
Weeps like a thing of Senſe, and not a Child;
Like one well underſtood in Grief; the Tears
Drop ſenſibly in order down its Cheeks;
And drowns its pretty Speech in thoughtful Sorrow.
Nothing could ſhoot Infection through my Breaſt,
But this; and this has done it———
Why weeps my Child? Ah, what a Queſtion's that!

Dian.

Diana. Behold! how't ſtrives; and betwixt Tears and Throbs,
If it could form a Language, it would ſpeak.
Queen. Strive not for Words, my Child; theſe little drops
Are far more Eloquent than Speech can be——
Be pitiful, my Lord; and thou, my kind
Diana, ever faithful to thy Queen;
When I am dead, as ſhortly I ſhall be,
Take this poor Babe, and carry't to the King;
Its Lips juſt pregnant with its Mother's Fondneſs,
Perhaps he'll take her then into his Arms;
And tho' the favour were to me deny'd;
Steal there a Kiſs of mine.
Say, 'tis the laſt Requeſt of *Anna Bullen*——
North. Remove the little Princeſs
To her Apartment, where we ſtreight will come,
And wait on her, as is the Queen's Command.
Queen. Yet let me hold her but a moment longer,
And with this Kiſs, that now muſt be my laſt,
Unlock a Secret, which Heav'n dictates to me.
If e're there is a Light that does tranſcend
Dark humane Knowledge in the Breaſt of Man,
Fate to foreſee, there is a Light at Death,
And that now bids me ſpeak. Thou, little Child,
Shalt live to ſee thy Mother's Wrongs o're-paid
In many Bleſſings on thy Womans State.
From this dark Calumny, in which I ſet,
As in a Cloud; thou, like a Star, ſhalt riſe,
And awe the Southern World: That holy Tyrant,
Who binds all *Europe* with the Yoak of Conſcience,
Holding his Feet upon the Necks of Kings;
Thou ſhalt deſtroy, and quite unlooſe his Bonds,
And lay the Monſter trembling at thy Feet.
When this ſhall come to paſs, the World ſhall ſee
Thy Mothers Innocence reviv'd in thee,
[*Ex. Women with the Princeſs* Eliz.
North. Madam! with greater pain to me than Racks,
I'm forc'd to let you know your Brother's dead:
And that, alas! you muſt prepare.
Queen. My Lord!
I thank you, you miſtake your noble Office;
It is the Voice of Angels to wrong'd Martyrs;
The ſound of Cherubs trumpetting from Heav'n——
I've heard it ſaid, amongſt our many Ends,
Beheading is the mildeſt Death of any.
If it be ſo; I thank my Gracious Lord:
For I was never us'd to pain——How ſay you?
North. We cannot with you leſs, ſince y'are to dye.

And if the Heads-man do as he's commanded,
'Twill be no more, than 'tis to drop asleep.
Queen. My Lord, I've but a little Neck;
Therefore I hope he'l not repeat his Blow;
But do it, like an Artist, at one stroke.
North. There is no fear. He has particular Order.
Queen. Then let me go; Heav'n chides my fond delay——
But tell the King, I say it as I just
Am going to dye; I both forgive, and bless him,
And thank him as my kindest Benefactor——
First from an humble Maid he lifted me
To Honour; then he took me to his Bed,
The highest State that I could be on Earth;
And now, as if he thought he ne're could do
Enough for me, has mounted me to Heav'n——
North. Mr. Lieutenant on, and lead the way.
Queen. If 'tis no Sin to skip one moment now
Of what belongs to Heav'n; let me remember
Poor *Piercy* once——Here, take this Innocent Kiss,
A Token to you both——'Tis thine and his——
Farewel, *Diana.* Farewell to you all.
Dian. A long farewel to all our Sexes Glory.
Queen. Weep not for me; but hear my dying Sentence.
Any that shall hereafter fall like me,
Falsly accus'd by wicked Men and Traytors;
Tho' in this World y'are great, in Virtue strong;
Never Blaspheme, and say that Heav'n does wrong;
Nor think an undeserv'd Death is hard;
For Innocence is still its own Reward.
And when th' Almighty makes a Saint, sometimes
He acts by Contraries, and Villains Crimes,
Whilst thus, their Malice, always cheated is,
And leads us but the nearest way to Bliss.

[*Exit Queen to Execution, with* Northumberland *and Guards.*

Enter Piercy *alone.*

Pier. I dread the horrid deed is done, or now
A doing, else what means this sudden Gloom
Clad o're the Morning Sky, and all Mankind:
All pass with Horror by, with frighted Looks and Voice
Lift up to Heav'n, who sees and hears in vain;
Then shake their melancholly heads like Time:
A general Consternation seizes all,
As if the Universal Empress of the World,
Nature it self, were fled with *Anna Bullen*——
Enter a Gentleman with a Handkerchief stain'd with the Queens Blood.
Hast thou beheld this great Eclipse of Virtue?
Speak, is the Queen Beheaded? Hast thou done

As

As I commanded?

Gent. Sir, when the fatal blow I saw performed,
Swift as a Whirlewind, through the Croud I rush'd,
And, as the Blood from their rich Vessels drain'd,
This Linnen with the Sacred Crimson stain'd.

Pier. Give't me! and leave me to my self a moment.
Now Sacred Drops, now Heav'nly Nectar, first
I'll kiss, then pledge you with a dying Thirst——
What's this! I feel my Soul beat at my Wound,
And bid me to remember now's the time,
Now to let out Life's Navigable Stream,
And mix it with this most Celestial Flood,
Thus, as kind Rivers to their Ocean run.
First I'll descend by just degrees to Earth,
Thus on my Knees, and wing my Soul to Heaven, [*Kneels.*
Where *Anna Bullen* waits for her *Percy's* coming,
And with this Bloody sign the Pow'rs implore,
Like a poor Wretch, Ship-wrack'd on some Lone shoar,
Who spies a Sail far off, waves 'em his hand
To come, and waft him from the Barren Land.

Enter Diana.

Behold the good *Diana*——by those Tears,
Something of horror 'tis thou hast to say.

Dian. Alas! my Lord, what have you done?
Your Wound does bleed afresh!
Your looks are alter'd! all those Masculine Beauties,
That shone in your Illustrious Face, and made
The noblest brave Epitomy of Mankind,
Are vanish'd on a sudden, and you hang
Like a pale Carcass on my trembling Arms——
Hah! let me run and call for help——I'll fetch
Your Father, fetch the King. Quick, let me go——

Pier. O bear me to some horrid Desart rather,
Where nought but Tygers, Wolves, and Panthers breed,
They are more merciful than King or Parent.
I feel, like the wrong'd Patriarch, a desire
To do some fatal Mischief with my end.
Stand by me; and correct me with thy Virtue,
Else I shall lose the Duty of a Son,
And Subject, do a rashness to be fam'd for,
Pull down a show'r of Curses on the Heads
Of this *Philistim*-King, and Cruel Father.

Dian. Still, still your looks grow Paler, and your strength
Decays! Oh let me call some help. Who's there?

Pier. Grief, like a subtle Limbeck, by degrees,
With still diffusion quite dissolves my heart,
And steals by drops my Blood and Spirits away.

But

But first *Diana*, I'll be just to thee——
I doubt if I have strength to rise again——
[*She raises him upon his Knees.*
My Father made me vow to be your Husband;
If I here die——I kneel that you'd forgive me;
But if I live, I'll keep my promise to you.

Dian. You faint, you sink, you die; some Creature help——

Pier. Go, strive to lave the Water of the Sea,
And quench the burning *Ætna*, 'tis in vain.
And so are *Æsculapius* Remedies to me——
Look, see'st thou this, as long as I have this,
[*Shews the Handkerchief.*
This here, to waft me o'er Deaths dreadful Main,
I need no Sword, no Poison, nor no Pain.

Dian. What's that I see? Your Blood? Your vital Blood!

Pier. Yes! of a Heart far Dearer than my own.
Now, now my Blood, my Crowd of Spirits, all
Rush to behold, and with their Standard fall.

Dian. Why stand I here, like Marble made of Woe,
And run not for the cure of both our lives?
For shou'd I stay, I shall betray my Love
In dying with him.
[*Exit* Diana *running.*

Pier. Thus when the Generous Lyon sees the Blood
Of his once Royal Master shed like this;
Taking the Lawn, stain'd with Imperial Gore,
At first he Frowns, and then begins to Roar.
Lashes his Sides; his fiery Eye-balls rolls,
And with his awful Voice Revenge he calls;
Till finding no Relief, at length he's mute,
And weeps, Tears falling from the Kingly Brute;
Then gently on it, as his Death-bed lies,
And with a Groan, breaks his stout Heart, and Dies.
[*Dies.*

Enter Northumberland, *and* Gentlemen.

Gent. He's dead! Alas, he's dead! W'are come too late!

North. Here let me fix till my Gray Hairs shall rot,
Or turn to Snakes, to plague this Aged Head;
And never more be look'd on to upbraid me!
This is a Punishment for what my Eyes
Unpitying saw; and now I feel, dear *Piercy*,
Thy Father's Curses on his own head turn,
And thou art blest, and I alas, forlorn.

Enter King, Lords, Attendants, *and* Guards.

King. Whom mourn'st thou over? Whose dead Body's that?

North. 'Tis *Piercy*'s: You and all good Men shou'd weep,
For you have lost a faithful Queen, and I a Son.

King. Thy Tongue's too bold! Are all the Traitors dead?

North. *Norris* and *Rochford*, and th' unhappy Queen,
Were all Beheaded in one fatal hour.

Yet O

But

Yet all the Traitors are not dead.

King. What mean'ſt thou?
Say! who has ſcap'd?

North. The haughty *Blunt*, deckt with
Her proudeſt Ornaments of Gold and Jewels,
Came to behold their Ends upon the Scaffold,
And ſaw 'em with a Helliſh Cruelty;
Till *Anna Bullen*'s Head lopp'd from her Body;
The brighteſt Ornament of that Perſon fell
Upon that wretched Womans knees, as ſhe
Was ſitting to behold that diſmal ſight:
The Trunkleſs Head with darting Eyes beheld her,
Making a motion with its Lips to ſpeak,
As if they meant t'upbraid her curſed Treaſon.
When ſtreight the dreadful Accident ſo ſtruck her,
Swift as a Hind ſhe gave a leap, and with
A ſudden ſhriek, ſhe ſtarted into Madneſs,
So fierce, that juſt and ſpeedy Death muſt follow;
Then uttering ſtrange, and horrid Guilty Speeches,
In her diſtraction ſhe accus'd her ſelf,
And *Woolſey*: Talk'd that the Queen was innocent;
Saying the Letters found within her Cloſet
Were falſe, and plac'd by them to ruine her:
For which her cruel Ghoſt, ſhe ſaid, did haunt her.

King. Where is the Traitor *Woolſey*?

North. Fled to *Eſher*.

King. Go you in Perſon, and ſecure the Villain!
Many foul Cauſes claim his forfeit Life;
But if I find him guilty in the leaſt,
Of a Contrivance with this curſed Woman;
(Though the Queen juſtly merited her End)
I'll rack his Soul out with a thouſand Tortures.

North. 'Twill be ſome joy to my Revenge and *Percy*'s.

King. For thy Son's Death, thy King ſhall be a Mourner——
Now Heav'n vouchſafe to pardon till this time,
What I by Sycophants advice have done,
I will be Abſolute, and Reign alone:
For where's a States-man fam'd for juſt and wiſe;
But makes our failings, ſtill his aim to riſe?
If Subjects thus their Monarchs Wills reſtrain;
'Tis they are Kings; for them we idly Reign:
Then I'll firſt break the Yoak; this Maxim ſtill
Shall be my Guide (*A Prince can do no ill*!)
In ſpight of Slaves, his Genius let him truſt,
For Heav'n ne'er made a King, but made him juſt. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Well, Sirs! Your kind Opinion now, I pray:
Of this our neither Whig nor Tory Play!
To blow such Coals our Envious Muse denies;
Wit, Sacred Wit, such Subjects should despise.
The Author says his Heliconian Stream,
Is not yet drain'd to Sudden low Extream.
To abuse one Party with a Cursed Play,
And bribe the other for a large third Day.
Like Gladiators *then, you streight resort;*
And croud to make your Nero-Faction sport.
But what's more strange, that Men of Sense should do it!
For Worrying one another, pay the Poet:
So Butchers *at a Baiting, take delight,*
For him that keeps the Bears, *to Roar and Fight;*
Both Friends and Foes, such Authors make their Game,
Who have your Money, that was all their Aim:
No matter for the Play, nor for their Wit;
The better Farce is Acted in the Pit.
Both Parties to be cheated, well agree,
And swallow any Nonsence, so it be
With Faction fac'd, and guilt with Loyalty.
Here's such a Rout with Whigging, and with Torying,
That you neglect your dear-lov'd sin of Whoring;
The Visor-mask, that ventur'd her Half-Crown,
Finding no hopes but here to be undone;
Like a Cast Mistress, puts her dear delight,
Turns Godly streight, and goes to Church in spight;
And does not doubt, since you are grown so fickle,
To find more Cullies in a Conventicle:
We on the Stage stand still, and are content,
To see you Act what we should Represent.
You use us like the Women that you Woe;
You make us sport, and pay us for it too.
Well, w'are resolv'd that in our next Play-Bill,
To Print at large a Tryal of your skill;
And that five hundred Monsters are to fight,
Then may will run to see so strange a sight,
Then the Morocco, *or the* Muscovite.

FINIS.